

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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No. 6.

THE PIPES AT LOCKNOW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scotch pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all sounds
The pipes at Locknow played.
Day by day the Indian tiger
Loudly yelled, and snarled; crept
Round and round the jungle-sweet
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for souls, wives and mothers,
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's breath will be
And the wrong and shame we dread."
Oh! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sob of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spoke a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Macleod sound!"
Like the march of countless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the drowning pibroch
She knew the Campbell's call;
"Hark! hear ye not Macleod's pipes,
The bravest of them all!"
Oh! they listened dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Gloomies
Rode and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Rings the woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Macleod!
The piping of the clans!"
Loudly, nearer, nearer as vengeance
Sharp and shrill as swords of steel,
Came the wild Macleod's din—
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off din died
To plaided legion grey,
Fell tenderly and blithely
The pipes of rescue blew!
Round the silver domes of Locknow,
Mottled moorland and mossy shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.



The Snake-Charmer seemed to be a literal serpent museum, for the reptiles, upon hearing his peculiar call, came leaping from every portion of his clothing.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR!

A Mystery of India, beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA B. CHARNOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And lead us to our flame!"
"Earth gives many shadowy glimpses
Of Paradise, but none quite so blissful
as this."
Thus murmured young Captain Ned
Livingston as he slowly paced the deck
of the gallant ship Nautilus, with the
lovely Cora Wilson clinging to his arm,
gazing yearningly up into his handsome,
manly face, while the tiny heels of her
East India slippers kept time to his
heavier tread.
It was moonlight on the Arabian Sea,
and not a cloud obscured the glowing
sky. There was just enough wind to
fill the sails, as the Nautilus headed due
north toward the Sunderbunds of the
Ganges, the regular sinking and swelling
of the waves scarcely disturbing the
easy, graceful motion of the ship. The
foam and spray, rippling from the bow,
occasionally flung a faint mist upon the
forward deck and stretched far away
into a phosphorescent wake from the
stern.
There appeared to be the faintest
aroma, that came with the wind, as
wafted by the spicy breezes from India,
a soft, voluptuous beauty, like the Spirit
of the East, seemed to pervade the at-
mosphere itself.
"And one day she will be mine,"
thought Ned, as he gazed upon the ex-
quisitely beautiful face beside him.
"This land of mystery and strange
beauty would more best her than even
our own America."
The gentle breeze lifted the golden
locks that flowed away over the shoulders
and below the waist in silken waves, and
from beneath the fluttering dress peeped
the diminutive shoe, like some guarded
jewel.
The Grecian head barely touched the
shoulder of the manly form beside her,
and the couple, as they moved forward
over the deck, were the picture of deli-
cate, spiritual beauty and sturdy, mag-
nificent manhood—one the grand, strong
tree; the other, the tender, clinging vine,
drooping and dying without its support.
And then as they paused at the gunwale
and looked off over the vast deep, he
hummed:
"See the mountains kiss the heaven,
And the waves slap one another;
No star fiercer would be forgiven,
If it dishonored its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeam kisses the sea;
What are all these things but words,
If these kiss not me?"
With the last words the head of the
lover bent lower, and his lip touched the
soft cheek of the lovely girl, whose high-
strung rebellious soul had been con-
quered by the all-powerful, all-pervading

passion, and whose starry eyes shone
with all the fathomless love of woman's
nature as she refused not the salute of
the one who worshipped at her feet with
all the ardor of the devotee of the Orient,
who throws himself beneath the car of
Juggernaut to propitiate the god he
adores.
For a few minutes they stood in silent
bliss, their thoughts unutterable and of
each other. Finally, he murmured:
"They say the course of true love
never runs smooth, but at least ours has.
Two months ago we sailed out of the
harbor of New York, bound for India.
Your father placed you under my charge,
with instructions to deliver you in Cal-
cutta, from which place you are to make
a visit to your friend Hattie, the mis-
sionary's wife at Cawnpore, while I run
down to Ceylon for the rest of my cargo.
Then I am to call for you, and take you
back again to our own dear native land,
where I shall claim my bonnie bride, and
she shall roam no more."
"You seem to have it all mapped
out," replied the girl, as he pressed her
closer to him. "If heaven so wills, it
shall be as you say. But our journey is
not half completed."
"I recall that," said her lover, as a
strange chill shook his frame, "and
sometimes a singular misgiving comes
over me, caused, I have no doubt, by the
rumors we have heard of the insurrec-
tion in India."
"Look!" she said, pointing downward
over the gunwale.
Gazing down upon the comparatively
smooth sea the razor-like fin of a shark
was seen as he played near the ship,
circling around and crossing the path with
as much ease and celerity as if the vessel
were at anchor.
"It is an idle dreamer who believes in
omens," said Ned, as he felt his beloved
tremble upon his arm. "Those sharks
will follow a vessel for days, as you know
they did us when we were down in the
Indian Ocean. But I hate them myself,
and Shelley is right when he calls them
the hyenas of the sea."
Drawing his revolver he reached his
arm downward and fired two shots in in-
stant succession. There was a frenzied
flash in the water as the wounded mon-
ster shot down into the depths. The
captain replaced his weapon and said:
"If that be an augury of our life, let
it be a true one. No sooner has it come
than it has gone, and so we will believe
that the future if it is to bring trouble
is also to take it away again. Look,
Cora, how beautiful!"
Just then the white sails of an east-
ward-bound Indian came to view in the
misty moonlight. Every stitch of
canvas was spread, and the enormous
hull careened to one side under the pres-

sure of wind, and the foam bubbled
away from her bows as if it were dash-
ing through snowdrifts. Here and there
a light twinkled upon its deck like a
point of fire, and meeting in exactly op-
posite directions, the speed of the two
vessels seemed doubled as they spoke,
passed on, and were soon lost to view.
"At any rate our faith in each other
shall remain forever the same," said
Cora, looking up into the beaming coun-
tenance of her lover.
"God bless you, my dearest, it shall,"
was the reply.
And our faith in heaven's goodness
shall never depart from us?"
"Never," murmured Captain Ned, in
a deep reverential voice, as he lifted his
cap and looked up to the stars.
The hour was growing late, and escort-
ing his beloved to her cabin, Captain Liv-
ingston lifted his hat with the grace and
courtesy of a knight of the olden time,
and looking fondly after her, until she had
vanished from view, he turned to the
sterner duties upon deck.
In about three weeks after the above
conversation, their destination was
reached, and at the earliest opportunity
Livingston accompanied Cora to Cal-
cutta.
The young American captain could not
wonder at the expressions of delight
which escaped him betwixt, as they
nearly this famous capital of the British
dominions in the East.
Sited upon the Hooghly, an arm of the
Ganges, it presents a magnificent appear-
ance when approached from the sea, with
its elegant villas on each side of the river,
the government botanical gardens, its
numerous spires of churches and temples,
and the powerful citadel of Fort William.
Calcutta extends along the Ganges for
half dozen miles, with an average breadth
of two miles. A handsome quay, known
as the Strand, embraces the river for half
the length of the city, and is furnished
with thirty ghats, or landing places. The
river is fully a mile in width, and is
crowded with shipping from all parts of
the world. The Europeans live princi-
pally in the Chouringhee suburb of the
city, at Garden Beach, in beautiful and
detached villas. Fort William is not only
the strongest and most complete fortress
in India, but also in the British dominions,
requiring ten thousand men for its full
garrison.
Calcutta has been appropriately called
the "City of Palaces," and when Cora
Wilson was escorted up the famous es-
planade by her lover, she was enthusi-
astic in her praises, and was certain that
it was the most beautiful city upon which
she had been permitted to look.
Having apprised her friend Hattie of
her coming, there was no delay nor disap-
pointment. The young wife was pre-
vented from coming to Calcutta, on ac-
count of her newly born infant, but she
sent several faithful servants to accom-
pany her guest up the Ganges to Cawnpore,
and they were at the hotel awaiting the
coming of the young lady, when the
latter reached the designated place of
meeting.
CHAPTER II.
"His princess parts with a prophetic sigh—
"Twining parts, and oft repeats her eye."
That dreamt at every look."
Cora Wilson sat in a retired nook in the
parlor of her hotel at Calcutta, her
thoughts busy; joy tinged with sadness,
filling her soul.
Hattie Dickson, the wife of the mission-
ary at Cawnpore, was the dearest friend

of her youth. They had been playmates
from infancy, and Cora had given her promise,
when they separated two years be-
fore, that this visit should be paid before
she settled down as the wife of the hand-
some, brave Ned Livingston.
And here she had come all the way
from the other side of the world in fulfil-
ment of that promise, and a flutter of
pleasure went through her affectionate
bosom, as she recalled that in a few days
they would be in each other's arms.
"Darling good Hattie," she murmured
to herself, "she was always a better girl
than I, and went as cheerfully with her
husband to India as if it was no more
than a dozen miles from home. And her
babe, she tells me in her letter, is the
sweetest cherub that ever came to make
heaven in a mother's household."
Once more she opened the missive with
a pleased smile, and read the closing
words.
"And what name do you suppose I
have given our little angel? What name
could I give it, but that of Cora Wilson
Dickson; and so, my best of friends, lose
no time in hastening to Cawnpore to see
the light of the household, and the sweetest
of earth."
Cora read over this characteristic mes-
sage once or twice, and then folded it up
and gave way to her pleasant reveries.
"How like her, and the nearer I ap-
proach Cawnpore, the more anxious I am
to see her. I am more impatient to see
Hattie to-day than I was when I sailed
out of New York. Only one thing causes
me sadness: I wish Ned could go with
me."
There was the woman's nature asserting
itself. She loved her true, loyal hero
with such an all-absorbing love, that her
future joy was mingled with present pain
at the thought of the long time they were
to be separated from each other.
"But I see no way in which it can be
helped," she added, with a sigh; "but
here he comes now."
Just then the familiar form of Captain
Ned appeared. Taking a seat beside her
he finally clasped her tiny hand in his.
"And so to-morrow you expect to go?"
he said, in a low voice, in which there was
a perceptible effort to conceal his emo-
tion.
"Yes, to-morrow, dear Ned. All my
arrangements are completed. Hattie's
servants will call here early in the morn-
ing, and by nightfall I expect to be well
on my way to Cawnpore."
"I suppose, Cora, that your heart is set
upon this journey?"
"I would have hardly come so many
miles, for any other reason."
"I thought possibly that I might have
been a slight attraction," said the lover,
in a piqued voice.
"So you were, Ned, and the only thing
that troubles me now, is the thought that
we shall be separated for six long weeks."
"I am satisfied that, if you go, we shall
never meet again in this world," said the
captain, looking her steadily in the face,
and speaking almost in a whisper.
"Why do you say that?" she de-
manded, shudderingly.
"I have made particular inquiries in
official quarters, and my very worst fears
about this Indian mutiny are more than
confirmed. It first broke out in the pro-
vince of Delhi, near the head waters of
the Ganges, and is raging at this mo-
ment all the way down the valley, from
Lahore, Delhi, Agra, and even to Ben-
ares."
Cora was a little indignant at the words

and manner of her lover. He had im-
timated several times that he considered
it very imprudent for her to attempt this
journey in the unsettled condition of the
country, until she began to think that his
fears and imaginings were interfering un-
warrantably with his better judgment.
And now when she was awakened
from her reverie of her absent friend,
by a more direct hint, that it was his
wish she should give up her intended
visit, her proud heart rebelled. She
waited until he had concluded his hur-
ried statements and then quietly asked:
"Well?"
"You say well when it could not be
more ill. The war office is in constant
receipt of telegrams, from those points
in the valley of the Ganges, with which
they have communications of the most
alarming nature. There is danger even
at Barrackpore, only sixteen miles away.
Under these circumstances Hattie can-
not expect you, nor can you be so foolish
as to think of going."
"But Hattie does expect me, and
what is more, I shall start to-morrow
morning."
"It cannot be!" exclaimed the cap-
tain, rising to his feet, in amazement;
"surely you have more sense than to
think of such a proceeding."
"You have done a great deal to thwart
this visit of mine," said the girl, rising,
words which afterwards cost her many
a tear and pang; "and now you are
more determined than ever."
"I tell you, ask some one in whom you
have more confidence," replied Captain
Ned, drawing himself up with offended
dignity.
"I do not mean that," said Cora, who
even in her anger could not permit her
lover to be under such a misapprehen-
sion, "but you magnify the danger."
"That amounts to precisely the same
thing. I will take you to the war office,
and make inquiries, and you shall hear
the answers, and then do as you think
best."
"It is unnecessary, for it would not
change my purpose. I shall have a good
escort, and Hattie's husband is too much
like her, for either of them to be in dan-
ger, no matter what comes."
"Well, I must go, good-night. I'll
give you time to reflect upon the folly of
your course; in the morning you will
probably see things in a different light,"
said Ned, as he angrily picked up his
cap.
"I will then see your present fears
in the same light as I do now," she re-
plied, rather coldly, and without looking
toward him. He affecting to hear her
not, passed rapidly out of the hotel and
was gone.
CHAPTER III.
"I hear from the depths of the river
Sweet words that my spirit thrill;
We are parted, but not forever;
We are living and loving still."
Captain Ned, as he was familiarly
known among his friends, was saunter-
ing along one of the beautiful streets of
Calcutta, in the European quarter, with
the softened sounds of music, and the
laughter of voices, and the plash of
fountains in his ears, while he thought-
fully smoked his cigar, and asked him-
self whether there was not some means
by which he could extricate his betrothed
from the peril into which he believed she
was going, before she should proceed so
far that all escape would be hopeless.
"Well," he muttered, "I can only

wait, and hope, and pray for her safe
return."
Thus occupied and absorbed with his
own thoughts, he wandered along until
he was well out among the suburbs,
where the pedestrians were fewer in
number, and where he was more at
liberty to indulge his fancies and imagin-
ings to their fullest bent. He had
sauntered along in this manner for some
distance, and with no thought of danger,
but with his senses full about him, when
he heard soft, rustling sounds in the
shrubbery which grew upon the right of
the path, and he turned his head with
some fear. For some time he could see
nothing, although the suspicious rust-
ling continued, but all at once, a dark
line appeared upon the gravelled walk
before him, and one glance showed an
immense cobra-di-capella, less than six
feet distant, with head erect, and ap-
parently on the very point of hurling its
deadly fangs in him. With an involun-
tary gasp of terror, he sprang back,
drawing his revolver, with the purpose
of shattering the hooded head, but ere
he could take aim and fire, a raven-like
hand suddenly closed upon his arm,
holding it with the grip of a vice.
"S—s! Sahib, harm him not."
"Who are you, and what do you
mean by stopping me from shooting such
a handsome pest as that?" demanded
the American, retreating further from
the reptile, and feeling about as ready
to shoot the one intruder as the other.
"He is mine, I love him much,
Sahib."
"Then why do you let him loose to
creep along the path like this, ready to
bury his fangs in whoever comes near
him?"
"Has he hurt you—has he bit you?"
"No; but he seems devilish near it.
If I hadn't heard him just when I did,
and leaped back, he would have finished
me."
"No, Sahib, he will not bite, unless I
tell him to bite, and I was silent when
he toyed with you. I would not have
spoken, but to check you from hurting
him. I have many such pets in my house
at Cawnpore, and I carry some with
me."
"Of you are one of those monstrosities
called snake charmers, more repulsive
if anything, than the reptiles you take
to your bosom. Well, all I have to say,
is, that I don't understand your taste,
and don't want to, and I will take it as
a favor that you will take both your
horrid pet and yourself out of my
path."
The Asiatic whom he had been ad-
dressing was a tall, sinewy man, with a
face as black as that of an African
urchin. His head was swathed in a
heavy, crimson turban, his coat was
short, gaudily colored and somewhat re-
sembling that worn by ordinary sailors;
while he wore the baggy breeches and
santals, that are still frequently seen in
portions of India. In the moonlight and
shadow, little could be distinguished of
his face, except his general outlines.
Once or twice, when speaking, he smiled
in such a way as to show his teeth; long,
white and gleaming like those of the
jungle tigers. He was over six feet in
height, and Captain Ned knew, without
that steel-trap-like clutch upon his arm
to remind him, that he was possessed
of enormous strength and wonderful
activity.
As he uttered the words spoken above,
he gave utterance to the same peculiar
hissing sound which had escaped him,
when first addressing the American, and
immediately two or three serpents,
smaller than the cobra but probably
equally venomous, issued from the ample
folds of his shirt around his body, and
began crawling over and around his
neck, head and members, while his vel-
vety hands followed and caressed them
continually, with a sinuous, winding,
wavy motion, not unlike the movements
of the reptiles themselves. In the mean-
time, the big fellow on the ground had
crawled back among the luxuriant shrub-
bery and was no more seen; but Captain
Ned, still distrustful of the deadly crea-
ture, took care to place a good distance
between him and its shelter, and although
he showed his revolver back in its place,
he kept his hand upon it in such a man-
ner that he could jerk it out in an instant,
if necessary; for he could not relieve
himself of the impression that he stood
upon dangerous ground, where he needed
to have all his wits about him to escape
the sudden death characteristic of this
strange land and people.
There was nothing about the Snake-
Charmer to attract, but everything to
repel, and Captain Ned Livingston
would have passed him by without fur-
ther thought or notice, but for one word
that the Asiatic had pronounced—
"Cawnpore," and it will be remembered
that he had remarked in the most inci-
dental manner that he had more serpents
at his home in that city.
This remark had arrested the attention
of the lover at once, for he could not but
feel the greatest interest in the city in
which Cora expected to spend several
weeks, surrounded, as he believed, by
peril upon every hand.
"You told me that your home was in
Cawnpore," he said. "How long ago
were you in that city?"
"It is scarcely two weeks since I left
there and came down the Ganges to the

City of Palaces, where I have been but three days only."

"When do you go back?"

"I am on my way there now. The distance is long, but I shall travel by night as well as day, and the sun will not be so hot when I will be there."

These few words of the Asiatic made the captain the more anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, but he could not hear the thought of going near him so long as he kept those loathsome serpents around him. So he said:

"You seem to have your pets well trained. Can you leave them in the shrubbery here while you go away for awhile?"

"I could leave them for a month, and find them upon my return."

"Will you leave them for half an hour, if you please—that is, let these serpents crawl off in the bushes, and stay there till you return? I have something very particular to say to you."

Dowlah, as he announced himself to be, did not show any curiosity to hear what the white man had to say, and it was not until the request was repeated, that he proceeded to comply with it.

The Snake-Charmer seemed to be a literal serpent-museum, for the reptiles, upon hearing his peculiar call, came issuing from every portion of his clothing, and, as if they understood every word uttered by their master, they crept away into the bushes, to remain, as he declared, until he should call them forth again. When he stated that he had no more about him, Captain Ned ventured to approach closer than he had done before, and they walked away side by side.

Dowlah proved to be a good listener; for he never once opened his mouth while the American was speaking, making no inquiries, but content simply to hear the story. Captain Ned, seeing no other way of meeting the difficulty, told the truth frankly and unreservedly, concluding by a request that the Sepoy should follow Cora at once to Cawnpore, and use his utmost endeavors to benefit her and the missionary family whom she was visiting, and to leave no means untried to extricate them from their perilous position while time remained in which to do so.

Of course the captain knew that there was but one way that the native could be induced to do this, and that was by the offer of a large reward. Accordingly he promised him five hundred golden rupees (a sum equal to about thirty-five hundred dollars) upon his delivering in Calcutta the party or Cora herself. He pledged himself, as a guaranty of his earnestness, to deposit that sum with any East India banker Dowlah might select, making known the conditions upon which it was to be paid over. This was the most that Ned could do, and not a little to his surprise his proposition was accepted at once.

"The journey is long," said he quietly, "and it will take weeks, but I will do it. She shall be delivered in the City of Palaces before two weeks have come and gone. I will take the word of the Sahib, and ask no other security. When I pass over to him the idol of his heart, then he may pay me—but not before."

The lover was delighted, for it was a great relief from the depression of spirits under which he had been laboring. He explained, perhaps more than was necessary, what he wished done, and repeated his offer of reward, and then questioned him regarding the state of the country in the mutinous districts. He was disposed to be reticent upon the latter subject, and Ned dropped it, coming back again to the question which was uppermost in his mind.

The interview lasted about half an hour, and had carried the two men well out upon the suburbs of the city. A certain vague uneasiness still troubled the American—a feeling of unrest for which he was unable fully to account. There was an impression with him that the action of the Snake-Charmer was not exactly what it should be. It seemed that he had consented too readily, he had asked too few questions, and, knowing as he did the treacherous nature of these people, he could not rid himself of a strong suspicion that the fellow was playing a trick with him. Why he should do so he could not conjecture, but the suspicion remained with him none the less.

But, as there was no pretext under which to continue the conversation, and as Dowlah showed a disposition to end it, the two turned about and began retracing their steps. Ned going over again the plans which it seemed to him best should be pursued for the safety of Cora and her friends; while the Sepoy listened in the same grave, immobile manner, until both suddenly ceased talking at the sound of footsteps behind them.

Turning his head, Ned saw three men walking along, with the careless, reckless fashion of those who were full of wine. There was still enough moonlight to see that they were British sailors. They were talking rather boisterously together, and apparently laughing at some episode in which they had been recently engaged.

Their conversation was plentifully garnished with oaths, and the captain felt an instinctive apprehension of trouble as they drew near. He stepped upon the outer and Dowlah on the inner side of the walk, when they were within a few feet, so as to give them an abundance of room.

"Hello! what have we here?" demanded the large man, who seemed to be an officer, as he peered from the face of one man to the other, he being directly between them.

"This chap is one of the Sepoys," replied another of the men, who was impudently crowding the Snake-Charmer against the fence. "The whole caboodle ought to be blown from the mouths of Havelock or Campbell's cannons."

"And this fellow is a burglar, I'll warrant."

As he spoke, the sailor stretched out his broad hand to grasp the shoulder of Captain Livingston, but the moment he reached out, the latter dealt him a violent blow in the face that sent him, dazed and bewildered, staggering back against the fence. This served as a signal for a most desperate fight, in which the whole five were almost instantly engaged. The Indian Sepoy, standing quietly against the fence waiting for the noisy individuals to pass on, suddenly received a terrible blow in the face, that set the blood streaming, and really deprived him of his senses for a few seconds.

"Keep back," called the one who had struck him, as his companion moved up to his assistance. "I'm going to finish this one myself; you tend the funeral of that other chap."

Captain Ned, finding he was in for it, let out with all the skill and power at his command. The officer that had returned to the Sepoy upon him, was a lastly opponent of ponderous weight and strength, but he could not compare with the captain in point of confidence and science, and before he comprehended what was really going on, he was placed completely hors de combat, eyes blinded with blood, and his ringing with pain.

It was not so quickly that his companions did not come to his assistance until he ceased to need it, and this gave Ned an opportunity to turn his full force upon the second, who came to aid his superior, but soon found himself in an equally bad plight. The condition of both men from their severe punishment and semi-intoxicated condition was such that they remained upon the ground in a sort of morbid condition, while Captain Ned rushed to the assistance of the Snake-Charmer, with whom it was going very ill; for knowing nothing of the science of fisticuffs, he was completely at the mercy of the brute, who acted as if he really meant to pound him to death.

Dowlah had been stunned by the first shock, and the sudden attack being quickly followed by a shower of cruel blows, so that when Captain Ned had disposed of his opponents and turned to help him, he saw a dark figure crouching helplessly against the fence, and a powerful English sailor hammering him with fearful effect.

"You're a coward," thundered Ned, as he leaped toward him, "don't you see that that fellow can't help himself?"

The sailor seemed to comprehend his new danger, for he turned, and without putting himself on the defensive, instantly charged upon the American, in a manner that caused the latter to feel that he had now to deal with the most dangerous and least intoxicated of their assailants. Ned paused a minute, until in a certain sense he could take his measure, when he aimed at his face; the blow was cleverly avoided, and before it could be returned or repeated, there was a rush and several exclamations, and ere they really knew what was coming, the whole party of whites were in the hands of the police; the Asiatic having slipped away like a shadow, and the officers finding it was useless to attempt to follow him, started away for the station house with their captives.

Ned noticed that the leader of the sailors was in close conversation with the one who seemed to be the leader of the police, and they had not gone far, when there was another rush, and the three sailors broke from their captors, plunged away, and soon disappeared. A couple of the officers made a feint of pursuing, but it was such a palpable deception, that, after following them for a short distance, they returned.

Understanding the success of this maneuver, Captain Ned offered a handsome bribe to the one who held his arm, if he would let him go. That officer said "all right," and took the money, but when the prisoner attempted to escape he was not permitted, and he was compelled to accompany his captors to the station.

There he was locked up—compelled to remain all night, and in the morning was given a hearing. The result was, that after the payment of a heavy fine and given a warning, he was permitted to go his way in peace.

CHAPTER IV.

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion fountains burn.

The day succeeding the events just narrated was one when the sky seemed aflame with fervent heat. At the noon-tide hour, scarcely any one in Calcutta, save the natives, bore the heat, and the city was upon the street. Suddenly, however, the suddenness of lightning, and even the toughened seaman, who has defied the elements in all parts of the world, and whose reckless disregard of danger is proverbial, dreads to expose himself to such deadly peril.

Toward evening three individuals might be seen seated on the shaded piazza of one of the hotels, their position a lazy, jolling one, while they listlessly puffed their cigars, like men upon whose hands the time hung rather heavily. Two of them carried faces much bruised and swollen, that gave evidence of a recent struggle; the third, however, showed not the slightest scratch or memento of the affray of the evening before, in the assault upon Captain Livingston. They had been laughing over the manner in which they bribed the policemen to permit them to slip away, and what an annoying night had doubtless fallen to the lot of Americans, when the unharmed sailor asked:

"Do you know what I'm thinking of, mates?"

The two replied that they did not, and some remark was made about the weather being too sultry and oppressive to think of anything.

"I think, from the manner in which I sailed into that Sepoy that I finished him. I shouldn't wonder if he has crawled away somewhere and turned up his toes and died. Hello! What does this mean?"

This exclamation was caused by the sight of a native East Indian, clothed in the suit of his people, with his body and neck also wrapped around by a rich cashmere shawl, the turban on his head descending so low upon one side of his face, as partly to conceal his dusky features. The eyes of the three sailors were turned curiously toward him, as he was seen to bear a wonderfully beautiful bouquet in his hand. Glancing from one to the other, as if to make sure of the identity of his man, he advanced straight to the last speaker and handed the bunch of flowers to him, with a smile that showed his long, white, tiger-like teeth.

"Hello! how much is that?" demanded the pleased sailor, taking it in one hand, while he felt in his pocket with the other.

"It is nothing; it was sent thee by a fair lady, who forbids me to say even that much. Ask me no questions," said the Sepoy, somewhat impatiently, as the man attempted to detain him, "for I shall not speak another word."

"Give my beautiful unknown, then, my love and my thanks," called out the recipient of the gift, as the dusky fellow left the piazza and vanished.

Laughter and jest followed this little affair, and the man holding the bouquet, looking admiringly at it for a few minutes, listening in the meanwhile to the badinage of his companions, when he exclaimed:

"By Jove, but isn't it fine? Don't you catch the fragrance where you are sitting. I must take an extra whiff myself."

As he raised it to his nostril, he suddenly threw his head up, with the words:

"Thunder, but there's a sharp thorn here! It felt like the point of a needle that took me on the tip of my nose."

The others would have laughed, had not they both caught sight of a small glittering line that shot out from the heart of the bouquet, darting back so quickly that it seemed more like the flash of a crimson ray than anything else. The man who felt the sting knew it not, and still he had been so punctured by some sharp thorn, until one of his companions said:

"I believe there is something among those flowers; don't put it to your face again till you make sure."

Although but a few moments had elapsed since receiving the thing, the victim felt a strange, peculiar pain spreading through his nose and head, and with an exclamation of terror he sprang to his feet, dashed the bouquet to the ground, and, gnashing his teeth, crushed it beneath his heel. As he did so a serpent, covered with crimson flecks and scarcely as large as his finger, glided out, with head erect and tiny arrow-tongue darting forth.

One of the men stamped it under his heel. The sailor staggered back like a drunken man, extending both hands outwards and groping around as if vaguely searching for something.

"Lead me, boys," he said in a pitiful tone, "I am blind."

His companions sprang to his assistance and conducted him into the hotel. A messenger was at once despatched for a native doctor living near by and celebrated for his skill, but when he reached the hotel, a few minutes later, the British sailor had sunk into a stupor, from which none of his friends could arouse him. The physician hastily gave him something, and after hearing the story of his comrades, stepped out upon the piazza and looked at the crushed serpent, which a servant was in the act of removing. One glance only, and he shook his head.

"Sahib will be ready for burial within an hour," he said, coming back to where the victim lay, his face swollen and speckled in a frightful manner. "There is no hope for him. He has been bitten by the most venomous serpent in India; a needle-point of its poison under the skin will kill the strongest man. I can cure all snake-bites except that, which none but Mahomet himself can subdue."

The words of the native physician were speedily verified. Nothing was left to do but to await the end, and in less than an hour he was dead.

After the payment of the fine and his release from confinement, Captain Ned Livingston hastened back to the hotel in the hope that Cora had not yet departed for Cawnpore, and that, having forgotten the coolness in which they parted, would be anxiously awaiting his return. Upon arriving at the hotel he found she had left hours before under an escort which would not wait, and was well on her way to Cawnpore. His disappointment was great, and blaming himself for having left her at all, with a heavy heart he returned to his vessel, his orders being to set sail at once for Ceylon and procure his cargo. He had made careful search for the Snake-Charmer, for he felt he must communicate again with her before his departure, but he could neither hear nor learn a word of his mysterious companion of the evening before.

Upon reaching the Nautilus, however, he found that the first mate and several of the crew were ashore, with no expectation of returning until nightfall, so that he was compelled to wait until then before weighing anchor and starting on his voyage down the Indian Ocean.

It was just growing dusk, and the captain stood on deck, leaning upon the gunwale, and looking off toward the beautiful city of Calcutta, his thoughts with her who by this time was so many miles up the treacherous Ganges, when his attention was attracted by a small boat, which suddenly came round from under the bow. As he glanced down at it, he observed that it contained but a single occupant, who to his surprise, was the very individual for whom he had been searching: Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer.

The Sepoy looked up and smiled; and came upon the vessel's side as nimble as a monkey.

Captain Ned extended his hand, as he approached, and scrutinized his swarthy countenance, upon which was still to be seen traces of the terrible beating he had received the night before.

"I am glad you look so well," said Captain Ned. "I have been searching for you to-day, and was afraid that you had suffered some great injury."

The black eyes of the Asiatic gave out a ferocious gleam, as he answered:

"That evil man will harm no one again."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain, uncertain whether he really understood the Sepoy's remark.

"He is dead. I handed him a bouquet this afternoon. He placed it to his nose, and the serpent, whose bite no one can cure, stung him. I placed it among the flowers myself, and the evil man took them from my hand, and he lives no longer."

Something like a shudder passed over the frame of the American captain. He had never before seen a creature so treacherous and so deadly as the Snake-Charmer, and he kept about him. But if these East Indians are natural-born traitors, they are not all incapable of gratitude, and Dowlah proceeded to tell a story which filled his listener with amazement. He said that on the previous night, when he made the bargain with the last speaker and handed the bunch of flowers to him, with the intention of befriending the beloved of his heart, and if possible, those whom she had gone to visit, he did not purpose ever to go to Cawnpore, at all! As to why he indulged in this deliberate deception, he did not explain, nor did the captain attempt to question him; for he supplemented the foregoing with the declaration that he was now going to start up the Ganges with an hour, his sole purpose being to do his utmost to faithfully carry out the deceptive engagement of the night previous.

Dowlah consented to explain why it was that he had made this change in his plans. If the Sahib had not come to his relief, at the very moment he did, the Snake-Charmer was very certain that he would have been beaten to death by the sailor.

As soon as he was free to do so, he cleared out; and having attended to his pet, his next duty was to arrange a plan for revenging himself upon the man who had so brutally and causelessly beaten him.

We have shown how completely he suc-

ceeded in the terribly ingenious means employed. When this was completed, the thought of gratitude came to him, and he sought out Captain Livingston, the one who had befriended him at the crisis, when he was in such need of a friend, and here he was ready to lay down his life for him.

Dowlah proceeded then to state his plan more fully. He said he should make all haste up the Ganges, until he reached Cawnpore, when he meant to search out the three persons mentioned, and do his utmost to get them out of the country as soon as possible. He declared that it would be perfectly useless to attempt to reach Calcutta with them, as such a journey, seven hundred miles in extent, would lead them through the very heart of the mutinous districts. Instead, therefore, he meant to go east or three hundred miles to the south, his purpose being, by means of such a long overland journey, to strike the coast at or near the mouth of Mahamuddy river. Five weeks from that date he wished the captain to come north from Ceylon, and to spend several days in cruising off and on in the coast.

Dowlah promised that he would not keep him waiting long, for he would be there very near the date mentioned, either with or without the fugitives. He described the coast so minutely, at this point, that Captain Ned was certain he could not miss it, even if unable to guide himself by the position of the river mentioned.

The Snake-Charmer spent about half an hour with the chief officer of the brig, who placed a letter for Cora in his charge, and then just as the twilight was deepening into darkness, he let himself down the side, dropped into his little boat, and disappeared.

Within a short time the mate and rest of the sailors had returned, and by daylight the next morning, the Nautilus was heading south, fairly out upon the Indian Ocean, as she sped on her way toward the port of Colombo, in Ceylon.

And the Snake-Charmer, what of him and his deadly pets? As sweet, Cora Wilson, surrounded by a few no less deadly and treacherous? As they pursue their way up the historic Ganges.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

BY A. EVERGREEN.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it in the least, so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself; but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the covers, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensions, should have to get out into the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better-half invariably rejoins:

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under the bed, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look into the bureau-drawers and clothes-basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do it. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket."

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and, by-the-by, there's the chimney; why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you are laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already supposed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp and report. I've done it more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have been intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing the mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public more particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and what I have to say must under no circumstances be mentioned to her. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and I have years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as you know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love affairs, before they eventually fix their affections on one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had and I don't regret it. Regret it? Far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had to live my life over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstance which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make a visit at Oakville "for a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies."

When that time had expired, Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred used to put it to his "country air and the quiet which was besetting his health," etc.; but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he opened up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking into one's eyes, as if to captivate them for her own personal amusement.

At any rate she had a larger share of beauty than any of the other girls; but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her, if he tried all his life," that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," etc., etc.

After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. Things went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel, rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrance unavailing there he went.

The landlord (homest old Downsberry—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number.

"He shall have No. 20," said Downsberry. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long as I'm landlord."

It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? he was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts and solitudes. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question, lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation, I promised to sound Belle's sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy, for a single night, a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers in the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guest for the night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20," and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and, hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke on him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation, as soon as I entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *mew*, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. I waited, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public more particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and what I have to say must under no circumstances be mentioned to her. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and I have years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as you know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

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Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had been perfectly motionless for several minutes, and was, I estimated myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself: "There—I've looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose, and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief! how brief! Again I heard her feeling for another, as they failed to ignite; then she said, "Oh, dear, there are no matches left from her lips." "Safely saved," whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle looked back to bed, but did not immediately get it; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom, and passed her arm under and around as far as she could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently against the wall too far from her to be reached. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in bed again, and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was entirely out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out—thought of her and her love for me. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fears came upon me less my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousin at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too, why, it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night; that's all. Our house is full, so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not lark, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good heavens, Gus, how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she never'll be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There is no mistake about it, so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

BY E. FERRISS.

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep in the heart of a mother to blossom in tears, and shadow with grief the decline of her years. "Sowing his wild oats," to savor the head of the sire who watched his first pulse throbbing with joy. And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for "the boy."

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke the flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

"Sowing his wild oats." Aye! cheeks shall grow pale. And sorrow shall wring the heart of the wife. When manhood thus squanders the prime of his life.

"Sowing his wild oats." Death only shall bring his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits will be found in the graveyard near by, beneath that grass-covered mound.

GERMAINE WILDE.

BY C. ARKOLD.

"It is positively shameful!" ejaculated Lyle Curtis. "What?" asked Miss Germaine Wilde, looking up from her embroidery. "As if you did not know, Germaine!" "I know? How should I?" "Surely, how should you? What have we been talking about for the last half hour?"

"Of the weather, the latest style of visiting cards, Miss Payson's charity-school, and Kate Kershaw."

"Kate Kershaw. There you have it! She is beautiful and fascinating, and flirts with charming science; and I say it's a shame."

"A shame that she flirts? Cousin Lyle, one would think you had been wounded."

"Not I. I am all right. But I've known Henry Ridgeway from boyhood, and he is the most glorious old fellow in the world—worthy of a queen. And it makes me growl to think he should waste himself on Kate Kershaw."

Miss Wilde arched her handsome eyebrows. "Do you think her unworthy?"

"I do. She has no soul. And Henry is all soul."

"Ah! fortunate fellow! How much he must save in tailor's bills."

"Pass! Germaine, you are in a sarcastic mood; and I do not like you then. What is the matter? Was Lawrence inattentive last night?"

"Lawrence? Really, I do not remember."

"Do not remember! And yet engaged to marry George Lawrence! Only her woman! Wouldn't George feel flattered?"

"I daresay. You might ask him if you feel any curiosity on the subject."

"Germaine, seriously, I am afraid you do not love this man you are promised to! Tell me, cousin. I could not bear to see my little Germaine unhappy."

She flushed slightly, and put away the hand Lyle Curtis extended to clasp hers. She was not a woman to accept sympathy tamely.

"Lyle, let us not talk upon this matter. I presume you shall marry Mr. Lawrence. I like him as well as I do any of the others. I have lived twenty-seven years in the world, and I regard love as a myth."

Lyle held up his hands in much horror. "Twenty-seven, and unmarried! Good gracious, Germaine! I don't wonder you are desperate. Let me see the gray hairs. I'll keep the secret for you."

She laughed. "My dear Lyle, they will come in time like all other disagreeable things. And now let us talk of Henry Ridgeway. Is there a romance to tell?"

"Hardly. It is a very simple story. They met in the country. Two young people thrown constantly together in a great lonesome house, summer afternoons in the woods, moonlight walks, rides at sunset, and the inevitable consequence. She softened her pride, and lent a willing ear to words he was only too ready to speak. And he believes her noble and generous and loyal."

"Perhaps she is."

"I tell you she is not. I know her thoroughly. She is a fair, heartless woman of the world. He is heir to a hundred thousand, and her income is barely sufficient to keep her in pearls and point lace. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. How hot the sun is! Hand me that fan, Lyle, please."

Lyle Curtis looked at his cousin through his half-closed eyes. She was an enigma to him; she had always been. He saw a dark face flushed in the lips and cheeks to crimson, lighted by great luminous brown eyes, and framed in wavy bands of black hair. The whole face was full of passion; he almost trembled with thinking how that woman might love, and yet, by her own confession, she had never felt a single throbbing of sweet emotion.

A sudden idea swept over him. It was so new that it showed itself in its face.

"Well, Lyle, what is it?" she asked, smiling at his earnestness.

"Oh, Germaine, if it could only be! But, confound it, there are always obstacles in the way."

"In the way of what?"

"I was thinking of you and Henry Ridgeway—and to be sure."

"Lyle," she rose haughtily—"I forgive you because you are my cousin; and were it not too much trouble, I would teach this Henry Ridgeway a lesson."

"And you would teach yourself at the same time," returned Lyle, warmly. "I'll wager a coronet."

"We shall see," she said, and left him to himself.

The next morning Henry Ridgeway came to Cedar Bluff—came as the escort of Miss Kershaw.

Old Mark Hartley, the widowed proprietor of the finest place for miles round, sought to supply his lack of kindred by surrounding himself with the children of his friends; and every year in summer time the old halls rang with merry voices and festive songs.

Germaine met Ridgeway on the back piazza. She was tying up a stray branch of a rosebush, and the thorns caught her sleeve.

Ridgeway was smoking just behind her on the steps, and she did not perceive him until he spoke in a quiet, authoritative way.

"You are a captive. Permit me to release you."

He cut off the offending branch with his knife, and detached it from her sleeve. Then their eyes met. She looked up at him, he down at her. Her forehead reached just to his lips. He thought of it even then.

What a revelation a single glance will sometimes make! In that very first moment one soul spoke to the other, and the language was understood. Ridgeway grew pale as death, and Germaine flushed to the roots of her hair.

She turned from him rudely, and swept into the hall. From there she went up into her chamber. She was supremely angry with him and with herself. He had exercised over her a power she had never felt before—this man, who was to her an utter stranger, and whose heart was in the keeping of another woman!

She made a wicked resolve. The little words she had spoken to Lyle Curtis about the lesson she would teach Ridgeway should not be idle words. She looked in the glass. Her face might help her to any conquest. She shut her small hands slowly; the action spoke volumes.

At dinner Mr. Ridgeway was formally presented. Germaine acknowledged the introduction with her usual haughty grace.

Ridgeway sat beside Kate Kershaw; Kate, golden of hair, with eyes amber brown, and a complexion like cream flushed with meadow strawberry. Her voice was soft and sweet as the ocean wind, and her smile a glory that made her false, fair face like the faces we think the angels wear.

Ridgeway, cool and calm, talked to Miss Kershaw, and occasionally looked at Germaine. I think he understood at once how it was to be between them.

A week of fine weather and pleasure-seeking followed. There was fishing and bathing, and botanical excursions, and delightful mornings in the cool parlors, mellow sunset rambles by the lake-side, before the grass grew too wet with summer dew.

Germaine and Ridgeway were polite to each other, coldly so, and Kate Kershaw, with the keen instinct of a practical flirt, understood them better than they understood themselves. But she could afford to be quiet for there was "better game in the moors," if it could be snared.

One day the party went to Forest Bluff, a great rock rising gradually from the plain, covered mostly with scrubby trees, and hanging far out over the sea.

Germaine strayed away from the others, and went out on the extreme verge of the rock. The dizzy height fascinated her. She thought she would like to stoop over and look down. She did so; but the insecure footing deceived her, and in another second she would have been dashed on the rocks below, if Henry Ridgeway had not caught her back.

One moment he held her tightly to his breast, his heart beating so that it almost stopped his breath, and then she tore herself from him with rude haste. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flashed the scorn and anger she felt.

"I could almost wish I had let you perish," he muttered between his closed teeth.

In his hoarse voice she had a triumph. She had the power to move him, even as he could move her. She felt a sort of fierce delight in the thought, and she betrothed of a man who trusted her. She scorned herself the next moment, wondering to what base depths she was sinking.

From Lawrence she shrank with a sort of nervous dread. The touch of his hand angered her. She vaguely wished she had been in her grave that winter's night, six months before, when, in the soft flush of chandeliers, the subdued atmosphere of orange flowers and hot-house plants, she had promised to be his wife.

A little later she met Lyle Curtis alone. Somehow she could not bear to look her cousin in the eyes now, so she turned her head away towards the sunset.

Her foot touched the ground. "Germaine," he said, gravely, "you are playing a dangerous game, and I am not afraid to wager whatever you please that you will lose."

Her cheeks grew hot.

"Lyle, you are impudent."

"I ask your pardon; but in teaching Harry Ridgeway a lesson, be careful you do not learn it before him."

The girl's anger was something terrible.

Lyle felt himself writhing under it. He tried to apologise.

"My dearest cousin," he said, "my little Germaine—"

But she struck down the arm he would have put around her, and flew up to her chamber.

Once there, she fought the battle all over again, and came forth victor for the time. And during the next fortnight no smile came nearer than hers, no laugh was more frequent. But at the end of the fortnight a change was coming. It brought the first of September, and on the fourth day of that month Germaine and Lawrence were to be wedded. It had all been arranged previously, and the party at Cedar Bluff was to be a wedding party at the last.

The night before the wedding Germaine refused to come down to the drawing-room. Something made her wish to be alone. But after a while the silence and the terrible chance for thought made her half frantic. She threw on a shawl and ran out on the lower piazza. Gazing in at the window, she saw Miss Kershaw, cool, calm and smiling, sitting on the sofa beside Henry Ridgeway. Lawrence, gloomy and abstracted, leaned against the mantelshelf.

Germaine seated herself on the trunk of a tree and gathered up a handful of the dead leaves at her feet.

A footstep stirred the dry grass. She rose; but a strong hand forced her back, and she heard close beside her the heavy breathing of Henry Ridgeway, and felt his eyes burning down into her own.

"Germaine," he said, hoarsely, "you are to be married to-morrow?"

She did not speak. Something choked her. He repeated the question.

"You are to be married to-morrow?"

She bowed.

"And you do not love George Lawrence—because your whole soul belongs to another."

She sprang to her feet, her cheeks flushed, her eyes blazing. In that moment of bitter shame she could almost have killed Henry Ridgeway, because of the humiliation he had put upon her.

He wrapped his arms around her, and held her to his breast so closely she could not struggle.

"My darling! my darling! forgive me! I love you so! I am half mad! Where is the use of fighting against it any longer? You are mine, and I am yours; and nothing save death shall divide us."

In that moment what did he care if Kate Kershaw wore the willow, and George Lawrence stood at the altar brideless?

And suddenly a rustle amid the leaves smote the silence; and, looking up, Germaine and Henry stood face to face with Kate and George Lawrence.

Lawrence was the first to recover his self-possession.

He extended his hand to Ridgeway. "A fair exchange is no robbery, is it?" he asked meaningly.

Germaine and Ridgeway comprehended matters in a flash, and both hearts thanked Heaven devoutly.

Kate spoke in her cool, silvery tone: "Mr. Lawrence is better suited to my taste, Mr. Ridgeway; and I do not think, from appearances, that Miss Wilde will break her heart."

But there was a double wedding at Cedar Bluff, and four people were made happy. Henry and Germaine married for love, Kate for wealth and Lawrence for beauty.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

BY J. F. HILL.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat down with hunched brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was said between them. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent.

He could find no fault with the chop, nor the homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if he had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?"

These words were on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast-room, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings.

He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading.

Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the paper before him and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh, yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, you say, and she has shined your shoes agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years; but it will do her good for all that and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the one or the other. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife!" These words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him, and he read the sentence, "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer.

His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued.

He thought of many things to say, and yet he feared to say them lest his wife should meet his address with a rebuff. At last, leaning toward her as a rebuke, he laid upon the shirt-bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was now easy. His hand was among the

clouds, and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly, "and I've heard it more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was something light in it and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a queer question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" was all she said.

"Yes, darling!" was his warm-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question."

"If you would only tell me so, now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."

Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in on the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, or that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

How easy and how true, Mary, my own dear wife. I am proud of you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

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"Yes," she answered, sweetly, "I have such a quantity of hair, I scarcely know how to hold it up. Sometimes I think I shall be obliged to cut half of it off. Many girls, as you, perhaps, know, do not scruple even to wear false hair; but this appears to me to be contrary to the purity and dignity of womanhood. A true woman would not seek admiration and notice by adorning herself with borrowed ornaments. Mamma has always taught us to be natural, above all things."

I was delighted with these admirable sentiments. They coincided exactly with my own. I looked at her again. Never had she been so beautiful. The close habit of blue cloth displayed the rounded form to its fullest perfection. Exercise had brought a vivid flush to the fair cheeks, a bright light to the soft blue eyes. The jaunty black hat, with its waving plume, just shaded the sweet face; and the sun, shining full upon her hair, caused it to look like living gold. I became enthusiastic. I could hardly find words vivid enough to express my admiration.

Suddenly Miss Darnley grew deadly pale, trembled, and raised her hand to her head.

"I think—I think," she gasped, "that my hair is falling!"

I was rather glad of the chance of seeing her glorious hair, in all its splendor, flowing down her back, and was about to say so, when her now evidently excessive annoyance checked my tongue.

Do not be alarmed. I will hold Selim while you arrange it," I suggested, at last. "No one will pass; take your own time."

Pale and breathless, and more agitated than ever, she endeavored to restrain the flowing profusion of her tresses. But in vain. Her hair, half unbound, fell upon her shoulders like a golden cloud. But it did not stop there. Was I mad, or dreaming? The glittering braids and waving curls suddenly shot downward, and the next moment lay upon the ground almost beneath black Selim's hoofs.

I looked at Grace in amazement. Confusion was written on every feature of her face. In place of the profusion of braids, which had crowned her graceful head, was one little yellow wisp, to which the description given by the French lady of her friend's hair, "two hairs, two inches long," might be applied. I was irresistibly reminded of a plucked fowl, and could hardly keep from laughing.

I understood it all now. My fair one's golden locks were only her own, inasmuch as she had paid for them. Beautiful! Bah!

Without a word, I raised the locks, the very touch of which caused me to shudder. Without a word, she pinned them to her head.

Then, we turned our horses' heads homeward. Without a word, we parted; and from that day I have never seen Grace Darnley or her golden hair.

LOVE AS A POWER.

With all our grand talk concerning the duties of life and its noble aspirations, we must admit that love is the lever which moves the world. At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there can be no doubt. For see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiredness and fatigue. When you are with a person you love, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test, of love. With the person you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of heavenly bodies one to another, which in their silent revolutions lose none of their attractive power. Love is sufficient unto itself, finding pleasure in mere existence.

GIVE WORK, NOT ALMS.—Charity is one of the sweetest virtues man or woman can possess, yet it is often misused. We believe that a hungry man should be given something to eat, whether he is an honest man or a thief; but it is absurd giving money to beggars under any circumstances. Their stories are almost invariably false, and if they tell of a wife and fifteen or twenty children and other luxuries of poverty, you can almost always correctly put it down that they are telling you a wilful lie, as these pitiful stories are only resorted to in order to obtain the wherewithal with which to procure strong drink at the nearest public house. Whenever an able-bodied man asks for a meal, give him a saw and let him saw an arduous or two of wood for his meal. Then, too, if a house gets a "load" of "poor" for requiring work, those who would rather starve than toil will keep away, and small articles left about yards are much safer in consequence.

INCONSISTENCY.—How strange a thing it is that some men will engage in a business for which their nature wholly unfit them! An unaccommodating man, for instance, who is too indolent, too proud, or too indifferent to make himself agreeable to customers, should never turn shopkeeper. Yet how many do it! That kind of man, too, should never become the landlord of a tavern or hotel. Yet how many do it! They inevitably meet with no success in business, because more urbane, obliging and pleasing dealers absorb their custom; but still they error in their passion. Every hour I become more in love Grace's maiden dignity increased the effect of her charms. Often I attempted to twine her silken curls around my finger, to toy with those golden, rippling waves, but I was always repulsed with a coy sweetness that left me more deeply infatuated than ever.

I was excessively fond of riding on horseback, so my first present to Grace was a beautiful horse, and almost every day we took long rides together. She was a graceful equestrian, and never looked better than in the saddle. She rode fearlessly, too; and this also made me prouder of her.

One day, as we rode together, I noticed that her hair was arranged with even more effect than usual. I complimented her on it, saying that I detested anything stiff or artificial in the arrangement of a lady's hair.

"No power in the human soul should ever be weakened—one cannot repeat this too often—only its counterbalancing power strengthened; in squirrels the upper row of teeth often grows painfully long, but only when the lower one is lost."

It may be justly said that the pride that apex humility is the most objectionable, as in addition to the bad qualities inherent in a false unfounded estimate of self, it superadds that of hypocrisy; and no combination can be more odious than that of hypocrisy with pride.

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RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to



Sub. J. W. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, September 6, 1874.

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NEXT WEEK!

Another Thrilling Romance!

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that in the next number we shall present the opening chapters of

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TOWN," "OAK-
LANDS," ETC.

The latest and best effort of this able and popular writer. The plot is drawn with great care and so skillfully developed as to challenge admiration and excite the attention. The characters are naturally drawn, the incidents devoid of anything improbable, yet the story is full of startling interest and the complications and situations strikingly and powerfully portrayed.

The narrative is one of everyday life, leading directly to the door of truth, detailing facts—stranger than fiction—in the most natural and charming manner, creating that deep sympathy which every true heart feels for those who are cruelly wronged.

In adding the name of the author of

"WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE"

to our list of talented contributors, we give additional evidence to our readers of our continued efforts to make THE POST a really first-class journal.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

A trite maxim hath it that "Home is where the heart is," and if we might sometimes be disposed to quarrel a little with the assertion, we should hardly be inclined to do more than transpire it slightly, and say "the true heart is where the home is," for it is undoubtedly true that the first instinct of man, after the merely animal instinct of self-preservation, is to provide for himself a home. And that home be what it will—squalid, dingy, meagre, comfortable, or palatial—let it be desolate and lonely, or illuminated with the presence of fond companions and musical with the laughter of children, it will be, through all the central point of existence, around which will cling and grow lovingly all the truest, purest and noblest affections and aspirations. Our first thoughts in moments of triumph, success, or happiness, and alike in moments of pain, sorrow, danger and despair, is of home; for there, more than anywhere else, we are sure of that tender and exuberant sympathy which our varying moods demand. The spot hallowed by our tears, our prayers, our hopes, our sacrifices, and above all by our love, becomes the Mecca of all our pilgrimages, and let us be erratic, transient, discontented as we will, we shall eventually double upon our own wayward footsteps and return to it once more, if only to be surrounded by its holy affections and influences.

How the poets have sung in eloquent numbers of home, and how they still sing tirelessly upon the same darling theme! Search the language through, and there is no fitting or beautiful word which has not been used for its exaltation. Who has not seen a gay and merry company, seemingly careless, thoughtless—heartless, almost—flushed into the most tender and touching reverence, when some sweet young voice among them rang with bell-like vibrations through their hearts, those sweet lines so replete with holiest meaning:

"Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
It is ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

And with what pathetic pathos and fervor every soul found utterance in the simple chorus, grand in its very simplicity:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was established on the 4th of August, 1821, and has therefore completed its fifty-third volume. It has faithfully maintained its well-earned reputation as a chaste and popular literary journal throughout all these fifty-three years, and stands to-day at the head of its contemporaries both in Europe and America. Printed in quarto form, it contains forty-eight columns, forty-six of which are regularly devoted to interesting reading matter, for which the proprietor pays high prices, preferring to do this rather than to fill up his columns with advertisements at any price. — From *Clipper, Brownsville, Penna.*

TELESCOPE.

BY MADISON L. S. BAKER.

A stargazer within a stargazer.
A star above midsummer's night.
A lamp deep in life's grave world.
A gem from God's soft crown of light.

Present the flower from autumn's wreath.
With petals each open and true and about.
The fruit has ripened grained seeds.
That opening up will "There" take root.

Then will the star (thine death's night)
With heavenly radiance from afar,
Till in thy dream its steady light
Will guide thy way above each star.

Keep pure the crystal drop, till borne
By sunbeams of God's light above,
In dew of faith 'till dawn returns,
And give thee joy for all thy love.

Thus when the king his jewel claims,
Its petals will be loosed complete,
While his the lapidary names,
A prince and prophet at his feet.

"A gift from God." A sacred trust.
Thy life to bless, lend for a time,
An infant soul sprang from the dust,
Plume them for wings for Heaven's bright
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Here was a situation! Two babes in the woods, thrown upon the tenderness and mercy of their romantic temperament! She was overpowered by her feelings for a moment. The first thought that followed was: What would John say? It was a thought that brought her to, instantly.

"Children," said she, gravely, "you don't know what you are talking about! Such a step as the one you contemplate, requires more serious thought than either of you have given it. It is for life, Dottie dear," and Miss Dorthea put her arm around the little slender girl who sat beside her.

"Why Miss Dorthea," cried Fred, "we've thought of being married to one another ever since we've been born! Hain't we, Dottie? And now we're going to be tonight, come what may; if you won't go with us we'll go alone," and Master Fred looked very determined and desperate.

"Dottie! what would your mamma say, if she knew you were running away from her, like this?" asked Miss Dorthea, pathetically, now replying to Fred's outburst.

"Why mamma ran away from her mother, when she got married; and so she'll just know all about it," and the pretty girl pouted.

Ah! what makes Miss Dorthea flush up? Does she recollect that moonlight night—not so many years ago either—when she helped that same mamma to run away from her's?

Miss Dorthea was silent. What should she do? She could not telegraph to her parents. It was too late, and too far for them to come immediately. The two were determined to be married. She would not lock them up to prevent children, and she concluded, that they should be married from the house of their mother's friend, than to go off alone now, to a strange minister, and it was almost ten o'clock! Oh, dear! this was almost too romantic for even Miss Dorthea!

"Well, children," said she, at last, "I will go up-stairs and speak to brother, and if he is willing, I will then send right around for Dr. D., and will have the wedding here; but, Dottie dear, where is your baggage?" asked Miss Dorthea, stopping at the door.

Dottie blushed, and stammered. "Why, Miss Dorthea—you see—you know—we didn't think of getting married to-day, until just before we started. I just went down town, after school, to buy some Christmas presents for baby and the children, and I met Fred. He was coming out of the library—that's his book on the sofa—and he said, 'Dottie, let's run off and get married!' and I said, 'Well, let's, and so we went right to the cars, and came straight to you; and I've only got—these—with me," and Dottie opened her little Russia leather satchel, and there was—a pair of blue kid baby boots, a pink silk sash, a book of fairy tales and a box of cakes; indeed! Miss Dorthea felt quite like "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," and laughed and kissed the bride-elect almost with tears!

At the sitting-room door, Miss Dorthea's heart failed her. How should she put it to John? He was so matter-of-fact. He would scold, of course; perhaps swear a little; and maybe would have nothing to do whatever with the matter, and very likely forbid her, as her own dear boy. Every lamp burned, and putting on a brave spirit, however, Miss Dorthea entered, and in a few words as she could put it, stated the case.

Mr. John pushed his glasses up on his forehead, looked steadily at Dorthea, to see if she was talking in her sleep, or had lost her senses, then said:

"Do you mean to say you want to bring down here to-night, and have these babies married?"

"What else can I do, John?" cried Miss Dorthea. "We can't turn them out of our house to-night, in this strange city, alone. They are determined to be married. Is it not best that they should be now? They have been probably teased by this time. Their names will be in people's mouths. Dottie is my little namesake; I cannot let her go away tonight," and Miss Dorthea's voice faltered.

"And she's well named," replied Mr. John, with emphasis.

"And you won't let me send for Dr. S., John?"

"No, Dorthea. Nor shall you have anything to do with the marriage of these runaways. I will be blamed by neither their fathers nor mothers. Let romantic parents take better care of their romantic progeny. I will have nothing to do with the affair. Humph! This is no more than one could expect from Dorthea River's mother's child!" and Mr. John turned his back on his sister who had stood awaiting his reply.

"And you will send this young girl out of your home this night, John?" and Miss Dorthea followed his face again.

"She came out of her mother's house with her lover, and let him take care of her now—and Dorthea, remember, I warn you against having anything to do with the matter. You have not forgotten the Fielding affair, I hope," and with these words Mr. John went back to his paper and his political problem, leaving Miss Dorthea standing rebuked, for the "Fielding affair" was one of the mismatches laid at her door.

"Dottie dear," said Miss Dorthea, after a short silence, and with her hand on the knob of the door. "I am a woman, and this course seems altogether a wrong one to me, but I will trust to your superior judgment this time—and we will see how near right a man's heart can beat in a case like this."

"Humph, Dottie! It's a clear case of common sense," returned Mr. John, as Miss Dorthea whisked out of her house with her lover, and let him take care of her now—and Dorthea, remember, I warn you against having anything to do with the matter. You have not forgotten the Fielding affair, I hope," and with these words Mr. John went back to his paper and his political problem, leaving Miss Dorthea standing rebuked, for the "Fielding affair" was one of the mismatches laid at her door.

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to-night, and to-morrow go back home and be married as your mothers would like to have you; still, the best I can do for you I have done. Young heads are wilful, and young hearts beat high with love and hope. I know you will not take my advice, but my kind wishes and prayers and blessing I am sure you will accept."

Then Miss Dorthea tied the silk neckerchief up warm around her little namesake's throat, and buttoned up Fred's overcoat tightly, and kissed them both and watched them from her door, until they passed out of sight. Bales in the woods! The groom, with "Innocent abroad" under his arm; the bride, with her trousseau, of baby boots, pink silk sash, fairy tales and candy. And as they started on their journey in the night, in a strange city, on a new road, a new life, Miss Dorthea prayed fervently for their happiness. Happiness which to them seemed so simple, so unclouded, and shape undimmed in the far future.

Next day a telegram from a neighboring city came to her. "Dr. S. was at home," it ran, "everything went off all right; we're as happy as birds, and we thank you," and was signed Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

Miss Dorthea sat down then and wrote to her friends, their parents, and told them all. She had done, she said, what she could, and she was glad, and she would have liked any wife and daughter, and she would not wish him a better little wife.

"All's well that ends well," and as neither of the parents had a thought of objecting to the marriage of their children, when they arrived at a suitable age, of course, they speedily forgave them for taking things into their own hands, and running away like naughty children, as they were.

Miss Dorthea sits by her fireside now and knits socks, little scarlet ones, not for the blue kid boots belonging to the wedding trousseau, but for some just like them which her little grand namesake, Dorthea Harris, Jr., aged six months, wears. And Miss Dorthea smiles to herself, over her work, as she thinks, "after all, the close of her days are not so dull and monotonous, and gray!"

Mr. John looks at her over his paper and grows to himself that he wonders "when Dorthea will ever outgrow her fiddle-faddle romantic nonsense."

Pretty, youthful Mrs. Harris, tells all her school girl friends, who come in squads to look at "Doll River's baby," that her's will be a "ever so much" longer and happier married life than theirs, for she will have been wife and mother ages before they will probably think of such a thing as running out of school to get married. They all laugh and chatter over the possibility of their, perhaps, doing the same thing, when they get a chance; and then Miss Dorthea, coming in upon them sometimes during their convalescence, they rush to ask her if she will help them as she did Doll.

But Miss Dorthea smiles and answers, "There never was, and I hope there never will be two more quite such Bales in the Woods."

MERCENARY MARRIAGES.

BY AUNT JEMIMA.

Talk of foolish fancies as you like—ridiculous romance, sneer at "love matches"—you can never bring these things to the level of mercenary marriages. "Love is neither bread nor honey," perhaps; but neither are bread and honey love. Now, I have something to say that makes my heart ache, because I am a woman. It is a woman who marries offest for other things than love. Woman who goes into the market, adorned in all her beauty, saying to those who read her smiles aright, "Here I am to be married; somebody offer." Woman, whose love should be her life!

It is true that a woman may not choose, but must be chosen; but can it be that a girl can really think coolly of marriage in the abstract, forgetting all individual preference?

I never knew a youth who did not say, at least, "My wife must be a blonde or a brunette; she must be tall or short, gay or quiet; who had not some ideal. But I have known girls innumerable who have only said, "I will marry," with no more thought of love or admiration, of respect or tenderness, before marriage could be, than thought such feelings were not. To marry to have a handsome house, a carriage, jewelry; to marry (for ambition has its grades)—to have a kitchen, to make pies in it; to marry—to escape work; to marry—so that no one may utter the epithet "old maid"—when there is such a thing as love in the world, one who knows it would rather die!

Do they hope for happiness, these women? Do they dream that they can play a part through life, and feign love amidst all the daily scenes that bring truth to the surface? It is shocking, a terrible thing to talk of when a man marries an heiress for her gold; but every day women do the same thing, and are applauded as having "made good matches."

Oh, the cold, cheerless firesides!—the couples who care not if seas roll between them!—the men to whom love offers no attraction! Amidst all woman's wrongs, men have theirs; and this is one—that some men must have a horrible consciousness that, at the altar, their wife's one thought must have been that she had secured some one to pay her bills for her.

THE PEARL.

The most precious pearl is found in the diseased or wounded pearl-oyster. Naturalists are not positively sure as to the origin; yet the opinion generally accepted is, that some foreign substance, as a pebble, enters the shell and produces a transformation, or, that in consequence of disease a similar effect is induced, either of which is permanent. The result is a growth of precious substance that adorns the neck of princesses, is coveted by the beauty to aid her charms, and sought after by the miser for gain.

A beautiful moral is seen in this. The physical fact is applicable to the human heart. Our sweetest poems are the result of wounds or disappointments that petrify in the meshes of the affections. Herein the most pathetic songs have their origin. The chime of brooklets through the forest's heart makes no such wailing as tears flowing over the rocks and grief when the springs of the soul are unsealed. Tennyson's friend died and the world reads "In Memoriam," had he lived, the emotions delineated in

it would have slept forever in the post's bosom, like latent electricity existing in a substance, but not being called into action by friction, the lurking power is imperceptible.

Many a young heart while the morning sun shows its golden splendors on the opening scene, has felt the fall of some sudden affliction. It could never be that for which fancy longed. The fresh soul, doomed to gaze on its withered buds of hope, known as its past repair. Yet that same life may, by its changed current, be rendered as much more valuable to the world, as the bivalve containing a pearl instead of an oyster.

Often there is that in a spirit which needs to be broken, as a pearl-oyster before its treasure is yielded. Adverse fortune will do this and show to the beholder a soul of purest loveliness. The shell must be crushed ere it resigns the precious gem.

THE MOTHER'S TEARS.

BY CLOTHO.

"Oh! let no sigh, nor mother's tear,
Disturb the mystic spell.
For angel guards are hovering where
The broken casket fell."

Flushed was the little room. Through the open casement a flood of light streamed from the setting sun, the last rays falling upon the head of a beautiful dying child, whose golden curls, mingling with the gorgeous radiance, formed a crown of glory around the cherubic head.

Every heart was still and subdued, save the stricken mother's, whose sobs of agony and oft-repeated cry, "Father, spare my boy!" burst forth uncontrolled. In that silent, solemn vesper hour, the faint, farewell sigh of the departing spirit was breathed.

Just then the evening star shone out in all its brilliancy. The moon's soft, mellow beams threw a halo of purity over the scene, whilst the mocking-bird's clear and silvery notes rang out a requiem over the "Blessed Dead." All nature seemed to typify the glorious night of the happy soul that had burst the bonds of his frail tenement of clay. It was a message of love and comfort to the sorrowing mother, but she received it not. Her bud of promise had withered under the icy hand of Death.

Transcendently lovely was the little form in his last, sweet sleep. Sunny curls, clustering around his marble brow, and features cast in perfect mould. Through the transparent lid was seen the soft, azure tinge of the heaven-lit eye, now closed forever on earth. A smile of peace was on the lips—impress of the angels' kiss as they bore away the happy soul.

How sad was it to that bereaved mother to consign to the cold grave this beautiful casket of her cherished idol!

As the last chords fell, echoing with hollow sound, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," she sank unconscious to the earth, as though she would mingle her built with that of her darling boy.

Days, weeks passed on; the mother still wept, and prayed for strength to say, "Thy will be done." After many painful and weary vigils, one night deep sleep fell upon the exhausted frame. A hazy vision burst upon her dreams.

She saw the air filled with beauteous cherubs, holding lamps that were lit. Amidst the glorious band she recognized her own dear boy. Every lamp burned brightly but the one held by her darling, which ever and anon cast a sickly, flickering glare. "Why is it, my darling," she said, "your little lamp is so dim?" "Ah! mother," he replied, "your tears for me fall so plentifully they put out my light!"

The mother awoke. Deep was the impression of that dream. Her tears nevermore flowed for her departed darling. With renewed vigor she took upon her the burden of life. With the eye of faith she looked forward to the reunion of her child and herself in his home of bliss. With meek and cheerful submission she performed life's varied duties. Each night, as she laid her head upon her pillow, a vision of a cherub boy, with lamp in hand, now burning brilliantly, passed before her as her weary eyelids closed in peaceful sleep.

THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY "LITTLE ONE."

I have been thinking of the time in the "long ago," when beneath the sunny skies of my far off Southern home, when the purring waters gently flowed, I lived, sported, and chased the butterfly—a happy, joyous child. The breath of life's chilling winter had not swept across my youthful face. No breezes cooler than those of spring time e'er had shook the thick dark hair that streamed in masses over my shoulders.

My childhood was one long, happy, happy summer's day—happy as the sun and flowers, that with the sunshine play. Thrice happy period of an unclouded life! how memory fondly loves to travel backward; with what tireless feet she journeys and retraces the wandering paths of life, till she again reaches the goal of youthful joys!

The birds sing sweetly now, but their notes are far less joyous; nay, are filled with that sweet pathos, such as Milton and Beethoven felt, when they wrote and sang of departing joy and approaching bliss.

Bright visions of the past; a panorama richly dyed, more gorgeous than the sunset's golden hues, more bright than moonbeam's silvery light! Ye fit before my memory like angels in a dream, and leave upon my mind sweet pictures, reflected like the clear blue sky, mirrored in the silent stream.

The joys of childhood, now they rise before me to-night like beauteous flowers of my pathway; violets, wasted by the dews of love; lilies, whose purity is wafted from the shores of the past; roses, whose perfume will forever last, like something sacred and divine.

Within the blessed vale of memory the joys of my childhood are entwined the tendrils of the vine; or, like the ivy, ever freshly green amid some ruin, a fortress seen—bright stars of hope which adorn life's pathway shine, mile-stones and guide-boards, at whose base we can cast our laurels and fadeless crowns.

Oh! dim them not, for future years
Hath grief enough in store,
If never bright the sunny hours,
Once past return no more.

Except in memory's blissful vale,
Where roses fadeless bloom,
Carving a hallowed fragrance round
Like Eden's sweet perfume.

Dim them not, those joys of childhood,
Rememberance's holy tears
Shall water them like dew from Heaven,
Keeping alive for years.



BLUE VIOLETS

A FAIRY TALE

BY MRS. E. PETERS.

A little girl sat alone in a garden, weeping. One of the crystal dew-drops, chased to fall into the heart of a rose, when out of the flower sprang a lovely fairy, who gently inquired: "What is the matter, child? Why do you cry?"

"It is," sobbed the little girl, "because my sister Lilla is not kind to me. I love her, but I am almost sure she does not love me at all. She gets provoked with me so easily, and snaps and snarls at me, sometimes even strikes me, and will not lend me any of her books or playthings, unless she feels in the humor. Just now I proposed that we should take a run in the meadow, where daisies twinkle in the breeze like stars in the sky of evening, and gold-bellied bees are swinging on the sweet clover-heads; but my sister refused, with a cross 'No, I shan't!' and wished me a thousand miles away."

The fairy listened, and asked: "What does your sister love? Every body loves something."

"The only thing I think of," the child replied, "that Lilla loves at all times alike are flowers."

"Very good!" said the fairy; "would you like to become a flower? Then your sister will love you, and I shall always be near you for company."

"Indeed, yes," answered the child, hastily drying her eyelashes, "that would be most delightful."

"Choose, then, the flower you will be," said the fairy. "A rose, peonies?"

"Oh, not that!" said the child. "Roses are too handsome for me. I should blush so to have people gazing at me. If I might as well, I would rather be a little blue violet; and, as my name is Violet, that seems the proper thing for me to be."

The fairy uttered some words in her own language, waving at the same time a tiny silver wand over the child's head. Immediately the dimpled hands and pale golden hair disappeared, with everything belonging to little Violet, except the blue dress she had on, and that was changed into the most beautiful bed of fragrant violets that ever was seen.

Scattered thickly over the flowers lay the tears which the child had been shedding, only they no longer had the sad look of tears, but sparkled in the sunbeams with ever-changing hues, as if some flecks of the rainbow had dropped from the sky, or a tiny bird of paradise had shed its plumage upon the violet's bed.

Slowly down the garden-path came another child, somewhat older and larger than the first. This was Lilla. She carried a watering-pot, whose contents refreshed the flowers that bordered the path. She was weeping at her work, and so sadly, that the watering-pot needed not to be replenished, but was kept constantly full with the tears which fell from her eyes.

Coming to the violet-bed, already sprinkled with what she took for dew-drops, Lilla paused suddenly, and set down her watering-pot, while an exclamation of delight burst from her lips.

"Why I thought my darlings were scarcely budged," she continued, "and here I had them in perfect bloom!"

Thereupon she knelt down and kissed the flowers, saying over and over how fond she was of them.

Little Violet, hearing her sister's words, and feeling her tender, loving touch, was more happy than language can express. She longed to speak to her, and beg her to take a few of the flowers and wear them in her hair, but being unable, she had to rest content with breathing out her most delicate perfume for her sister to enjoy.

Presently, Lilla raised her head, gazed fixedly at the violets a moment, and began to weep afresh.

"Their color is so like the dress dear little Violet wore when she went away," sobbed Lilla.

Gently away the rose beside the child, and the fairy appeared.

"What is the matter, little one?" she inquired.

"I am so lonely without my sister," answered the grieving child.

"Oh, indeed!" said the fairy, and said no more, but flitting back into the heart of the rose, she folded one by one the damask leaves over her head—for the sun was going down, and the lengthened shadows fading and blending along the garden-walks.

The following evening Lilla came again into the garden, and sat by the violet-bed and wept, when she heard the soft voice of the fairy asking as before: "What are you crying for, little girl?"

"For my dear little sister," Lilla replied, between her sobs. "She has gone away, and we do not know what has become of her."

"Oh, indeed!" carelessly repeated the fairy, and disappeared, leaving the child to grieve on unpitied.

The third time Lilla sat beside the violet-bed weeping, and the fairy, standing up in the heart of the rose, put to her the same question.

"How can I help mourning for my lost sister, who was so gentle and good?" said Lilla. "I grieve the more when I remember that I was not always gentle and kind to her. Oh, I miss her sadly! I have no one to play with now, and I would give all the world to have Violet back again."

"Would you?" returned the fairy. "Think again. Are you sure you would give me the first thing I ask for if I can persuade your sister to return to you as she was?"

"Anything—anything," promised the child, with all her heart; and, to prove her sincerity, she extended her hand, and a pretty headed, silken purse, in which were several silver coins. "Take it, and welcome," said she.

"Keep your property, dear," returned the fairy, smiling; "it will do good somewhere. We have no use for money. What I shall ask you for is something you will be far better off without—you and all your friends. Give me your irritable temper, which leads you often to such unkind words and actions as often wound those who love you most dearly."

"Gladly would I be rid of it," said Lilla, tearfully. "It never did me any good, but mischief."

"Very well," said the fairy. "Remember your promise when you have little Violet back, or the next time she

will be changed to an angel; and those who are changed to angels, though you should weep rivers of tears, can never come back to the mortal land any more."

The fairy waved her wand over the violet bed, and lo! there was no more a flower to be seen—they had all gone to seed. But a dear little girl, in a blue dress, flung a pair of dimpled arms around her sister's waist, and nestled her head, with its pale golden ringlets, upon her loving sister's shoulder.

Lilla and Violet, restored to each other, wept for joy. After a long embrace, and many kisses, they ran away towards the meadow, with its buttercups and lambkins—oh, so very happy!

SEEKING THE FAIRIES.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

There was once a little boy, called Harry, who was very anxious to see a fairy. He was not satisfied with hearing of them. He hunted in every corner, hoping to find one. He picked all the four-leaved clovers that he could find, and wished on them with all his might, and then cried when nothing came of it. He hunted about for fairy caps. He looked in the chimney every night, but all of no use, till one day, as luck would have it, he stumbled over the root of a tree and fell. The root was so rotten that it was crushed into powder, and while he was looking at it, up bounced a little old man, saying, "You little rascal, how dare you knock my chimney in?"

"I didn't know that it was your chimney," said Harry; "and how could I help it? I did not mean to tumble. Please excuse me, Mr. Woodgoblin."

"Well, as you are such a nice little boy, perhaps I will," said the goblin, who was also very deceitful. "You are a fine little fellow, I think, and I am fond of children. What would you like best?"

"Oh, good Mr. Woodgoblin, if you would show me a fairy," said Harry, in a great hurry.

"Now this was exactly what the goblin wished him to say, for he was determined to revenge himself on the poor little fellow for knocking in his chimney. But he made a great show of considering the matter, saying, 'Fairies! well I don't know about that. Do you think you wouldn't be afraid? There is a fairies' picnic not a mile away; but then there are some giants coming, and if I take you, you must not stir so much as a finger. Are you sure you will not be frightened?'"

"Oh! I am not afraid," said foolish little Harry, eager to see the giants also.

So the goblin gave Harry his black paw, and leading him through a thicket, showed him an open space covered with grass, and dancing about were some tiny creatures that Harry could hardly see; and while he was peeping through the bushes to get a better look, he heard a great roaring, and looking, saw a monstrous man as tall as his papa's horse, and with two great heads as ugly as possible, coming straight towards him.

Harry had seen giants in picture-books, but they did not seem a bit like that great creature, who was alive, and twice as ugly as anybody could ever have painted him. Harry was so terrified that he forgot what the goblin had told him about remaining perfectly quiet, and started to run away. Hearing the rustling, the giant began to look among the bushes, and stopping the little boy, caught him between his thumb and finger.

"Oh!" cried he, with a roar, "here is something for my young giants," and putting Harry in his pocket, with his poor little head sticking out, started for home.

They passed straight by his mother's house, and Harry saw her at the window, but she did not hear him, though he called as loud as ever he could. Then Harry cried as if his heart would break; but the giant cared nothing for that, but walked on, taking steps a mile long, till at last he came to his castle.

"Come here," shouted the giant, as soon as he was inside the gate. "Gigantessa, Rorundin, Highgetout! where are you, darlings? See what papa has brought you to play with; a nice, little, curly-headed boy. Here he is, ducklings. To him up in the yard to-night, and to-morrow Rorundin can make a cage for him."

All the little giants came running on hearing this, greatly delighted. They pulled his hair and they patted it, and made him open and shut his eyes, and pulled his ears to hear him squeak; and then they brought him bread and milk, and told him to squeak for it. Poor Harry did as he was told, with tears running down his face.

"What does he cry for?" asked the little giants. "Doesn't he know that we will get nice bread and milk every day, and have a nice cage built for him? Let us whip him and make him stop crying."

So they whipped him; and then they tied him up in the yard for the night, and left him—a poor little cuddling, curly-headed boy, that had been used to be kissed and put to sleep in his little white bed every night by his dear mamma. Poor Harry's tears fell down like rain, when he should come along but all little lost children.

"What are you doing here, my darling?" asked this nice old lady.

"I wanted to see the fairies, boy, boy, boy!" said Harry, with a sob. "Oh, oh! and a giant caught me and brought me home for his children to play with, and they are going to build me a cage to-morrow, and I want my mamma, oh, oh, oh!"

"Then that dear, kind old lady cut Harry's rope, and took him under her cloak, and carried him straight home to his mother; and he never after went to see any more fairies."

Wise PROVERBS.—Some falls are the means of the happier to rise. The surest prophesying is after the event. It's a good device that follows his own instructions. He that has a good nose, thinks that everybody is speaking of it. Who stumbles twice over the same stone deserves a broken shin. He who would stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. He that defers his charity, is rather liberal of another man's sister. There must be falls; the rising again is all. That is wisdom which is wisdom in the end. Hope is a good sauce, but a light kick. Carry a looking-glass inside of yourself as well as outside. The barber was asked what he saw at Court. "The king was ill-shaven," quoth he.

OUR CONSCIENTIONS

BY ISABELLA LAW.

From out each pocket of life
All have some precious store to keep.
Some little store of golden words,
Some treasure rescued from the deep
Of those gone hours, are put the waves
Of time have closed their quiet graves.

Three dark of still dark days that one
Which leaves no brightness from its home,
No nightingale to sing at eve,
No after fragrance from its flowers,
No holy dew distilled from Heaven,
To consecrate its fresh at even.

Bleed at art thou, heart that yearns (though
The tears that dim those eyes be vain)
To melt back something from the past,
Some shadow softened by (old's) light,
Some star that made his journey bright.
We consecrate by autumn tears.

Each consecrates some precious part.
Some secret store of hidden words,
Some sacred echo of the heart's desire,
Our golden treasure of earth,
Against the winter time of need,
That we may after some and feed.

And when the yesterday of life
Shall all be numbered, still I deem
Each shall be counted, as he leeps,
His faithful relic of earth's dream.
Some shadow softened by (old's) light,
Some star that made his journey bright.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKK!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONRAID," "TWICE WORK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING THAT IT IS NOT ONLY POACHERS WHO LAY SNARES.

Lady Clementine did not appear at luncheon. The favorite excuse of a bad headache served to explain her absence, and Mr. Carthen, although he could not tell why, and chided himself for the unkindness of the reflection, felt greatly relieved at her absence. He had Lilla all to himself, as it were.

She sat next to him, and, though she was rather shy and silent, he was not inclined to take offence at that which, in a sensitive girl, is always a compliment, rather than a discourtesy.

She had discarded the "print" dress, and wore a dark blue merino, relieved at the throat and wrists by a linen collar and cuffs. She looked charming so, though indeed he had no fault to find with her toilette before.

When he told her of their unsuccessful search for the snare, she was not in the least dismayed, but she seemed really distressed.

"I am afraid we must give up hoping now," she said; "it is evident the poor man must have been killed."

"I fear so, Lady Lina."

"It is very shocking; I wonder who could have done it."

"I have a notion that Joe Lay had something to do with it."

"Did not look like an innocent man," the earl remarked; "but then he has such a sinister expression naturally that it may be unfair to judge him."

"And, somehow, we would not wish him to be found out."

"Why, Lina," said her mother, in a surprised tone, "what can you mean? That is just what every one must wish."

"I can't, mamma."

"My dear child, pray explain yourself."

"Nothing can bring poor Flax to life now, so to hang a man is not to redeem him."

"You are too merciful, Lady Lina," said Mr. Carthen, gently.

"If the guilty are always to escape, there is nothing to deter others from imitating their crimes."

"True. And yet—"

"You would keep them in prison for the rest of their lives, Lina."

"I am not sure but what it is more merciful to let them die."

"At least, they have time for repentance then."

"Lina has such odd notions," said Lady Dacre.

Lina laughed gaily.

"I only speak according to my own feelings, and without any understanding of how such a system would work. Of course other people know best. It would have been tried before this, no doubt, if it had been likely to succeed."

"I don't think it would answer," said Lina, the Bible says, 'A life for a life.'"

"Of course. I should never presume to question anything I might find there."

"I am sure of that."

His glance emphasized his words so emphatically, that Lina's eyes dropped under it, and a crimson blush stole up to the very roots of her blonde hair.

"You are going to see Mrs. Flax this afternoon?" Mr. Carthen asked, presently.

Lina bowed her head in token of assent.

"Will you undertake a little commission for me?"

"With pleasure."

"The poor woman finds it hard to get on, I hear, now that the breadwinner is gone. Perhaps you will be kind enough to give her that from me."

The money was folded in paper, so that Lina could not tell exactly what it was.

Lina thanked him with a smile, and soon after this Mr. Carthen rose, saying he must get home, as he had left word with his head keeper to meet him at the hall by three o'clock to concert measures for staying further depredations on the part of the poachers.

Lawrence, his head man, was sturdily, with muscular arms and an appearance of great fortitude and strength. Mr. Carthen ordered the butler to take him into his pantry and give him something to eat, and then he was brought back into the library, and Mr. Carthen proceeded to explain what he wanted done.

"I have ordered some decoy pheasants at Dawford," he said, "and I want the wood thoroughly well searched for traps. Wherever they can be found I should like them to be taken away, and a pheasant tied to the nearest tree, just where they would be likely to see it. I mean to go out with you myself the day after to-morrow. I am quite determined to catch these men, if only for the sake of giving them a lesson."

"I think old Mark Greysome is at the head of it, sir."

"I am afraid so; and, really, he has had such an immunity given him, on account of his age, that it is quite time it was put a stop to. I should be glad, also, to have some excuse for detaining

Joe Lay until we can find out something about poor Flax's untimely fate."

"Then you think he is murdered, sir?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"I never had any doubt about it myself, sir."

"But it seems odd that we get no clue."

"They've buried him somewhere, you may depend, sir."

"I should almost fear so."

"But it will be found out yet, sir, I fancy. Mrs. Flax is dead set against them, only she keeps herself to herself, and says nothing to anybody."

"And very wise, too."

"Ah, sir! she knows what she's about; she always was a far-seeing woman."

"Then it is settled, Lawrence? I am going out with you myself the night after next?"

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I think there's rather a desperate set about, sir, and a man who commits one crime would as easily commit another."

"Yes, if he could; but I fancy that you and I are a good match for three poachers, Lawrence; and there's Scourby and Lane can come, too."

"I wish you'd let us go alone, sir."

"I tell you what, Lawrence, you'd brave any danger yourself, and yet you try to make a coward of me. Is that quite fair?"

"You have so much to lose, sir."

"I have no wife or children, and you have both."

"But you see, sir, I wouldn't let them stand between me and my duty."

"You never do, Lawrence, I'll be bound."

"I try not, sir."

"And you know," said his master, quietly, "that I should never allow them to want, supposing that you were taken away."

"You are very good, sir; but me and my Jane settled, when we got married, that we'd take the present as it came, and make the best of it, leaving the future to take care of itself. It's a deal of happiness we've got out of that agreement, and it doesn't hinder us from putting by here and there, when we can spare it."

"That was a good rule."

"I have found it so, sir."

"But you understand that I mean to go out with you, Lawrence?"

"I am sorry, sir."

"You'd rather have me fast asleep, in a warm bed, leaving you to take all the risk?"

"It's my place, and what I am paid for, sir," returned the man.

"I think my going out will have a good effect. It will show that I am thoroughly determined and roused. Old Mark is not only a most resolute poacher, but he is bringing up his son in the same way. I don't think Nat is a bad lad, if he were left alone. I have often thought that I should like to get him right away from here, and give him a chance."

"I am almost afraid it is too late, sir. I have always noticed that when a man takes a fancy to that kind of life, nothing cures him. The excitement is pleasant, I suppose; and, of course, if you haven't got a conscience, that can't stand in the way."

"Only that Nat is but young yet."

"He has been brought up to poaching from the cradle."

"I fear so."

"And, unfortunately, he's got very thick with that Joe Lay, who's a terrible bad character, sir, and would ruin any one he took up with."

"I want to get rid of him out of this part of the country, if I can, supposing we can't prove that he had anything to do with Flax's death. I am sorry that he ever saw anything in our neighborhood to induce him to remain in it."

"He belongs to Oaklands, sir."

"Does he? I never remember seeing him until lately."

"He has been to sea several years, sir; and you were away a good deal at one time—at school and college—so I dare say you don't recollect much about him. But he was here when he was about twenty, and then he went to court Mary Flax."

"Mary Flax?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course she would have nothing to say to him?"

"She was much too superior to take up with such a fellow. He'd have broke her heart in six months, sir."

"Ah, that he would! And now, Lawrence, you go into Dawford, and get the pheasants. Be as secret about it as you can, and mind that you search the wood carefully for traps the day after to-morrow, and place the pheasants as I described. I fancy there is a moon now, is there not?"

"I'm only in its first quarter, sir."

"We don't want it to be too light."

"No, sir; perhaps not."

"And, Lawrence, tell Mr. Langley to be good enough not to mention what we have bought. We can't keep it too quiet."

Lawrence bowed respectfully, and left.

CHAPTER XI.

LAWSON'S BY MOONLIGHT.

The clock in the church tower was striking eleven, as Lawrence, with Scourby and Lane in attendance, went to the Hall; and, according to the instructions received, walked straight into the house, and knocked cautiously at the library door.

Mr. Carthen appeared.

He wore a thick great coat, and he carried a pistol in his hand. His face, as the men saw it, for one minute before he put out the lamp, looked grave and resolute.

"It is very cold," Mr. Carthen said, "and the wind is high."

"But it's in the right direction for us, sir," Lawrence replied. "It will blow any sound from Lawson down right into our ears."

"Have you heard anything of the poachers' movements?"

"They set a good many traps last night, sir; so you're sure they'll be there to see after them. We took five this morning—me and Scourby—and put the pheasants just over."

"Tied to the branches, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; and they looked so natural that I couldn't have told myself, if I hadn't known."

"I think we shall get them this time," said Mr. Carthen, with a certain elation.

"I hope we may, sir; they've balked us pretty often, and it's time they had a sharp lesson."

"If we could catch old Mark, we should be safe for a time, at least. He is an incorrigible offender, and, moreover,

he keeps up the spirit of the thing, by his daring and success. A month of prison, as far as he is concerned, would do more harm to poaching generally than all your care."

"I am sure of that, sir."

"Then try after the old man first. Only, mind and don't hurt him. Have any of you firearms?"

"I have a gun, sir," Lawrence said.

"And Scourby and Lane?"

"Have good thick sticks, sir."

"Quite enough, too. Don't use your gun, unless it were to save your life."

"No, sir; if it comes to a face-to-face struggle, and it's my only chance, that would be different. But even then I should try not to wound him dangerously."

"We shall be too strong for them. I don't fancy they will turn."

"They will give us a chase, sir, most likely. If it was a last chance, they might try to disable us from securing them; but I think we shall have them without any violence. I've brought Pincher with me, and he's the best dog at scenting out a poacher I ever came across. He hates them almost as much as his master does, sir."

"That's a loyal Pincher," said Mr. Carthen, stroking the dog's black muzzle with his glove.

"Have a care, sir; he's terrible fierce. I keep him tied up most ways, unless he's wanted. But I never go into the woods at night without him. As long as you don't touch him, he's all right; but he can't bear being meddled with by strangers."

"They entered the wood, now, and Mr. Carthen lowered his voice to a whisper: "Let Pincher go first."

Lawrence took the next place, as in duty bound, but Mr. Carthen told him softly, but authoritatively, to step one side, and took up his position behind Pincher, whose tail wagged gently, from time to time, as if he scented mischief, and enjoyed the prospect.

"They went on in silence for a while. Paths had been cut out in the wood for the convenience of Mr. Carthen and his friends, when they went out shooting; and although the short stumps and tangled briars got in their way occasionally, the route was, so far, tolerably clear. They might have wished for a little more light, for the moon barely penetrated the shadow of the branches, and even when it did, there were but a few faint, struggling beams to cheer them. Once Mr. Carthen stumbled; but he only jests as he rose to his feet again, and declared that he had not thought it could be so sweet and pleasant in the woods at night."

"If ever I am ruined, I shall get a place as keeper," he said, laughingly; but Lawrence shook his head.

"It's all very well for once, sir," said Mr. Carthen, "but I expect that does make a difference," replied the other, good-naturedly, and walked on.

Presently he turned to the game-keeper.

"I suppose we are to lay up out of the way until we hear some sign or sound; isn't that it?"

"I thought so, sir, if you approve."

"You know best, of course."

"There's the hut, sir; we should be out of sight there."

"True. And the dog?"

"Will lay as quiet as a mouse, sir, if I tell him to. He's accustomed to this kind of work."

The hut was just in the centre of the wood, and had been built for the accommodation of the woodmen. If a fire had been practicable, it would have been very comfortable; but, of course, that was impossible. The smell of the smoke, and the reflection, would have betrayed their whereabouts to the poachers, and enabled them to lose to keep out of the snare.

They all crept in through the low door, and Pincher crouched across the threshold, mute, and yet with his ears evidently on the alert, acted as sentinel. He was listening, and meant to give them sharp warning of the approach either of a friend or foe. Mr. Carthen handled a cigar rather longingly, but refrained. He warmed and cheered himself instead, by thinking of Lady Lina, standing, as he had last seen her, with her soft eyes raised shyly to his face; and, in spite of her earnest efforts, betraying the secret of her heart to his eager glance.

"My darling!" he muttered to himself, and closed his arms tightly across his breast, as if he were taking her into them, and never meant her to get out of them again.

At this minute Pincher pricked up his ears, and growled ever so softly.

"Good dog, what now?" said Lawrence, under his breath.

"Are they near us?" whispered Mr. Carthen.

"Not yet, sir; but Pincher has his suspicions, I see. They are somewhere in the wood, anyhow."

"I wish the wind weren't so high. We shall hardly be able to distinguish between this and the crackling of the boughs as they come through them."

"Pincher will know the difference, sir, never fear."

Another dead silence, and Pincher raised himself on his haunches, and seemed to give his whole attention to what was passing around.

Mr. Carthen held his breath, and felt a strange kind of excitement creeping over him. The utter stillness, broken only at intervals by a faint gust of wind, that went sighing over the tree-tops, the feeling of suspense which made his blood quicken, until it went tingling to his very finger ends—all this was a new experience to Mr. Carthen, and he found it pleasant and stimulating.

"Pincher growled again."

"They are nearer now, sir," whispered Lawrence. "One of their traps wasn't very far off here, but I expect they'll avoid the hut as much as possible. We shan't know just where they are until they fire, and I expect they'll visit all their traps first. What, Pincher? Down, sir."

Pincher returned to his former attitude, but it was plain to see that he was anxious and uneasy. It seemed a full hour, though it was not probably more than half this, when they heard the sharp report of a gun.

"Now, sir," said Lawrence, springing to his feet; "they are just near the old oak that was blasted with lightning a year back. There was a trap set there, which I found, and laid a better one for them before I came away. We should do well not to lose a minute."

"Come on, I am ready."

"You must let me go first now, sir," said Lawrence. "I fancy I know the way best."

"Very well; only be quick."

Silently and swiftly they threaded their way through the tangled under-

wood. There was no regular road here, only a small serpentine path, clogged with brambles, and stifled with rank undergrowth.

But Lawrence seemed to know every inch of the road by heart, and his whispered warnings saved Mr. Carthen from many a downfall. They came, presently, to an open space; and now Pincher grew difficult of control. He gave a short, snapping growl, and bounded up savagely, and tried to break away.

"It's strange, sir," said Lawrence, under his breath; "but I'll wager Joe Lay is amongst them. Pincher can't abide him, and will growl and bark for nearly an hour if he only passes our gate."

"Hark!"

"There's voices!"

"And not twenty yards distant."

The last part of this dialogue was carried on in such a faint whisper, that if their heads had not been close together it would have been impossible for either to have heard.

"I think they have no suspicion."

"I think not, sir."

"We must dash in upon them suddenly."

Lawrence took Pincher by the throat, and half throttled him. He was silent for a minute, recovering his breath; and by this time there were only a few bushes between them and the poachers. Lawrence made one stride forward; his arm was outstretched; the very breath stopped on his lips, in his eager suspense. Once, second, and one only, and he must have secured his man; but Pincher sprang forward past him, with a fierce bark, and the opportunity was lost.

Silently, Joe slipped under a bush, and before Nat could kick off the animal he was out of sight. So skillfully had he managed this

Mr. Carthen had scarcely turned them out, before they disappeared.

"They are making for the Point, sir. I thought they would."

"Couldn't we intercept them, any-how?"

"Supposing they were to turn off, sir, before they get there—we should miss them entirely, then."

"We might as well run the risk, we shan't have them as it is."

"Well, sir, it does begin to look doubtful," returned the keeper.

"Where are we to go now, then?"

"Haden't I better show you, sir?"

"Yes, only don't let us waste time," was the quick reply.

"There's a narrow path to the right, that leads straight up to the Point; only, as I said before, if they turn off anywhere, we shall certainly miss them."

"Never mind, do as I tell you," Mr. Carthen spoke, if not sharply, authoritatively.

He was more excited than he ever remembered to have been before, and finding himself baffled so continually, roused his pride and stimulated his temper.

He had fancied, perhaps, that because he, the master, was there, it must needs be easy to catch these men; and, lo! they had balked him at every turn, and Mr. Carthen was not accustomed to opposition.

Lawrence saw that he was not over-pleased, and, conscious that Pincher had ruined all their chances, thought it wisest to be silent. So he walked on before his master, copying the length of his stride, emulating his energy, but dumb. Pincher, in deep disgrace, and conscious of the fact, brought up the rear.

Not a sound broke the silence for awhile but the low song of the wind, or the creaking of some huge branch overhead. Presently they came to the open space which edged the wood, and beyond this, with the moon's pale crescent beaming down upon it sadly, was Landsdown Point.

It was formed by a clump of high logs, and beyond them there was a small, stagnant pool, green with water-weeds. It was a weird-looking spot seen by this light, and the shadows about it seemed to assume grotesque shapes and movements, cheating them with the appearance of life, which might not be there after all.

Mr. Carthen stood still, and scanned the place keenly.

"I see something there, Lawrence," he whispered, pointing with his finger to the Point.

"It's only the shadows, sir."

"I think not, I should take it for a man."

"If we creep round the skirt of the wood, sir, we might get a good deal nearer."

"Very well."

"You are right, sir," said Lawrence, when they were closer to the point; "it is a man."

"Now, then, for a spring, and all together. Look sharp, Scourby!"

"Ready, sir."

Mr. Carthen gave the signal, in a voice thrilling with eagerness.

"Now!"

Mr. Carthen was the first there—the first to seize the man by the shoulders. He turned him around, and, as the weird, white light fell on his face, darkened by the flickering shadows, they all saw, with a kind of dread that was more like a prophetic instinct than a feeling, that it was Tommy Wilson, the idiot!

CHAPTER XII.

A RIADANE.

Day after day Milly Lowe waited for some sign of her father. It seemed impossible that he should have forsaken her thus, without a word of explanation or regret. If she were willing to brave her father's anger for his sake, surely he should not draw back.

It seemed to her cruel, indeed, that he should neither come nor write.

"If he wishes to give me up, he might tell me so," she thought, "and not let me suffer this terrible suspense. Perhaps he may have left some message for me with old Nanny. I will go and see."

Milly tied all her sunny curls into a little cottage bonnet, trimmed neatly with blue ribbons, wrapped her slender figure in a warm cloak, and tripped off to old Nanny's house.

She had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door before she saw Tommy Wilson, feeding the cow out of his own hand, creep stealthily along the wall towards her.

She walked on as far as the gate, and then she stopped for him to join her. Milly comforted her pretty mouth, and tried to look very serious.

"How dare you watch me?" she said, indignantly. "You are a false-hearted, cowardly, cruel fellow, and I will never do you a kindness or speak gently to you again! What right had you to betray me to my father that night, and then grin over your cruel work? Ah, you understand, I can see! You may deceive others, but you don't deceive me. You are more fool than knave, after all, and I hate you, Tommy Wilson! Do you hear? I hate you!"

Tommy seemed to understand the last sentence anyhow, for his face grew livid, and his broad lips were contorted by a sudden spasm of pain.

"Yes," she went on, vehemently; "I liked you before you did this wicked act, and I always called you 'Poor Tommy,' but I'll never call you that again, but cruel Tommy, mean Tommy, whom I hate!"

Milly had worked herself up into quite a passion. Remembering how much she had lost, and what pain she was suffering through Tommy's treachery, and knowing her power over this strange lad, she was inclined to be merciless.

Tommy's face grew almost awful in his agony at her reproach; and, in his struggle to speak, he uttered guttural cries that were like those of some animal in sharp pain.

"Go back to your cow," said Milly, waving her hand to point him the way.

"I told you that I hated you, and couldn't bear you in my sight!"

Tommy struggled anew, and it seemed almost as if he pronounced the word "hate," appealingly first, then threateningly.

"And I tell you what, wicked Tommy; just keep out of Herbert's way, or he'll give you the thrashing you deserve!"

At the sound of this name, which was evidently like a cruel scourge lacerating his heart, Tommy uttered a cry more bitter and piercing even than the last, and doubled his ponderous fist menacingly.

Milly laughed a soft, scornful little laugh.

"I should think he could master you," she said, and turned on her heel in utter disdain, as if his action had cast a slur on her lover's courage.

She walked down the lane briskly. When she got to the end she turned. There sat Tommy astride the wall, calm now, but watchful.

Milly shrugged her shoulders scornfully and marched on. She never thought to look behind her again, until she came to old Nanny's cottage; and then, as she opened the door, she involuntarily glanced back along the road she had come.

Tommy, taken by surprise, was visible for a minute, in a neighboring copse, but he quickly disappeared from sight, no doubt flattering himself that he had not been perceived.

Milly was so accustomed to Tommy and his odd ways, and had always found him so docile in her hands, that it never struck her to be afraid. She divined at once his object. He, of course, thought that in spite of Mr. Lowe's prohibition, which even Tommy must have understood, by his violent gestures, Herbert Benson was coming to see Milly, and that the place of their meeting was to be old Nanny's cottage.

So that when Milly, answering old Nanny's summons to enter, shut herself in as quickly as possible in order to keep out the cold, which did not suit the other's rheumatism, Tommy crept closer and closer, until, stopping behind a shrub that darkened Nanny's window, he could see into the interior of the cottage whenever he chose.

Milly sat down and began to warm her finger-tips at the fire. She did not like to enter upon the subject of her visit at once, for fear of looking selfish, so she slipped her hand into her pocket and brought out a shilling, which she put gently into old Nanny's palm.

"Everything is so dear this winter, dame, although I hope Herbert—I mean Mr. Benson—does not let you want."

This was a neat way of introducing his name, and Milly prided herself upon it greatly.

"Not her, Miss Milly; it wouldn't be like him if he did."

"He's so good!" murmured Milly, fervently.

"I be rather hard of hearing, Miss."

"It's very cold, dame."

"Ah, and my rheumatics are terrible trying," replied Nanny, unsuspiciously.

"You young folks don't know what such things are, lucky for you."

"Only about Mr. Herbert?"

"I haven't seen much of him lately, miss; he's troubled in his mind, I'm thinking, and doesn't care for old Nanny's company."

"What should trouble him?" inquired Milly, as innocent as any lamb.

"Don't you be pretending not to know, Miss Milly."

"But I really don't, upon my honor."

"It's all about you."

"What have I done, dame?"

"Well, you see, your father being so set against your marriage—"

"That's got nothing to do with me. I can't help what my father says or does."

"Only it's very disheartening."

"I've done my best to make him forget all this. I have braved my father's displeasure over and over again, in order to comfort him, and now—here Milly's voice began to falter—and now he deserts me."

"He says it is his duty, Miss Milly."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Milly, sharply. "How could it be his duty?"

"I'm sure he'd rather it wasn't, if that is all. He seemed as if he couldn't bear your name spoken that morning he was here."

"What morning was that?"

"The morning after poor Flax's disappearance."

"And what did he say then?"

"That he wished he was dead."

"And what else?"

"That your father was right to prevent your marriage."

"That he was right? Oh, surely, Nanny, you must have been mistaken?"

"No, Miss Milly. He looked terrible ill and harassed that morning, and he said he'd been out in the wood all night. He told me, too, that although Mr. Lowe was right to separate you, he ought to have let him know earlier."

"Go on," said Milly feverishly.

"He said that you was a great deal wrong, and the worst of it was, that it could never be made right."

"What could he mean?"

"He also threatened to turn poacher."

"Threatened to turn poacher? Nanny, do you think he could have been in his right mind?"

"There was no sign of his being otherwise."

"Did he tell you anything more?"

"Yes, he said I mustn't be surprised at anything I heard of him, for he was well nigh tired of his life."

Milly lifted her eyes, streaming with tears, at old Nanny's face.

"Oh, Nanny, if I only could see him I am sure I could comfort him."

"It wouldn't be of any use, Miss Milly. There's something on his mind more than he means to let any of us know. He seemed full of care and trouble that morning; and when I was trying to comfort him a bit by telling him how I got over burying my poor children, 'Ah, Nanny,' says he, 'such trials are not the worst. I should grieve less if Milly were dead, than I grieve now.'"

"Nanny, what can it be? There's some awful mystery in it all. It isn't a week ago that Herbert vowed nothing should part us, and he'd wait for me, even to the end of his life, willingly."

"Well, Miss Milly, it's no use worrying yourself about it. I dare say it will come all right in time."

"But he ought to explain what's the matter; oughtn't he, Nanny? It's very cruel to keep me in this suspense."

"Well, dearie, it does seem hard; only, perhaps, he knows better about it than we do; and if he's been told something, and forbidden to speak about it, he must keep his promise."

"He'd no business to make one."

"He mightn't have thought there was anything particular a-comin'."

"You see, people should take care, Nanny, when another person's happiness is concerned as well as their own," said poor Milly, plaintively.

"Ah, well, Miss Milly, if we was all perfect, and never did wrong, we might as well call this heaven at once, for that is what it would be like."

"I am nearly broken-hearted, Nanny."

"That's just the way Mr. Herbert speaks, and looks so mournful, too."

"I wish I could see him, if it was only for a minute."

"You might come here any time, Miss Milly, only I've got my doubts whether he'd meet you. He's just like his poor

mother for one thing—he's so set in his notions."

"But you don't think he'd refuse to see me?"

"Yes, I do, miss."

"But why? What have I done?"

"There's something in the wind, you may depend, or he wouldn't have spoke as he did."

"You don't think he's giving me up because my father told him I shouldn't have any fortune? Mind," she added, emphatically, "if you say 'yes,' I shall never like you as long as I live, and shan't believe you one bit, either."

"What's the use of my speaking then," said old Nanny, smilingly; "if I mustn't give my right meaning?"

"Oh, but you don't think so?" sighed Milly, in a tone of great distress.

"I never said such a thing, Miss Milly. I'd bite my tongue almost in two, if I thought it could say such a falsehood of Master Herbert, whom I nursed in those very arms, when he was a poor weakly little baby. No, it's nothing of that kind, you may depend."

"But what can it be then?"

"It's no use asking me, I've told you all I know, or am likely to know. Master Herbert can be pretty close when he likes."

"I wish I'd got the courage to go and marry some one else, I do," sobbed Milly.

"Lord love the child! What would be the use of that?"

"It would bring him to his senses."

"When it was too late to be of any use."

"And that would serve him just right."

"Perhaps so; only you must remember you'd get all the sorrow of that. He would be free, and you wouldn't."

"You're sure I couldn't do any such thing, Nanny?"

"I'm sure you'd be very foolish if you did."

"Of course you take his part," said Milly, petulantly; "because you like him better than you like me. But I know it's very cruel of him to treat me like this."

"He doesn't mean to be cruel, Miss Milly."

"Then he ought to have said something."

"So he will, when he gets an opportunity; you may be sure of that."

"If you'll appoint to meet him here any day, I'll let him know."

"I think to-morrow will do, Nanny."

"Will Mr. Lowe be out?"

"Never mind; I dare say I can manage to slip away."

"Then I shall tell Mr. Herbert to be here. Only, about the time?"

"Supposing we say four o'clock?"

"I've no doubt that would suit him well enough."

"Very well, then, it's settled. Only, Nanny, don't let him fancy that I want him to come."

Old Nanny nodded her head sagaciously.

"I'll arrange it all nicely, never you fear. I'll say you don't care whether he comes or not."

"Not exactly that."

"What must it be, then, Nanny; but he mustn't be made to consent, you know," replied Milly, with a little flickering smile on her sweet lips.

She gathered her skirts together, and prepared to depart.

"It's almost dark, Miss Milly; shan't you be afraid?"

"Not I. Who would hurt me?"

"No one in his senses."

"Very well; I am pretty safe."

Milly bade old Nanny good evening and went out. It was twilight by this time; for the day closed early. She walked on briskly, without a thought of fear; but she fancied sometimes that she heard a step behind her. When she got to her own gate, she turned, and then she distinctly saw a shadowy figure cross the road swiftly, as if to get out of her sight, and disappear into one of the dark lodges near the farmyard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MATCH-MAKING.

The young lady readers of the Post are sure to be attracted to this little article by its heading. They will expect therefrom a lively dissertation on the art and mystery of basing the matrimonial trap for eligible birds. This is not an ungallant journal, but for once it takes the liberty of disappointing youth and beauty, to say nothing of the mature and thoughtful matrons who have their daughters' best interests at heart. The matches of which it is our cue to speak, are not of the kind supposed to be made in heaven, and which some libelous persons say are tipped with combustible elements in a lower locality. In short, they are *Lucifer* matches—of which so many billions of billions are manufactured annually. Austria, the principal match-maker of Europe, produces no less than two thousand five hundred tons of them every year, for exportation merely. In the United States, we use, it is computed, between three and four hundred millions of matches daily—or at the rate of ten per day for each of the maternal total of the population. In England the individual average is only eight per day.

The manufacture of Lucifer matches is attended with considerable danger, owing to the inflammable nature of the materials employed (a remark, by the way, which applies with equal force to conubial match-making). The persons employed in tipping the splints are liable to be attacked with a distressing complaint, known as the "jaw disease," produced by the fumes of the phosphorus which forms a part of the igneous composition; but this, we learn, is to be hereafter avoided by using a new modification of the article, which is innocuous and without odor. Paraffine may also be employed instead of sulphur, as a means of conveying combustion to the splint; and thus the noxious sulphurous fume, which the ordinary match gives out, is done away with. But a more important improvement than either of these has lately been introduced, to prevent the possibility of Lucifer matches being ignited by accidental friction. It consists in dividing the composition into two parts, placing the one on the end of the splint, and the other, containing the phosphorus, on the side of the box. By this means the match will only take fire when rubbed against the box. Nothing can be more simple and safe than the new plan, and we hope it will be generally adopted.

GREAT effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it.

ONE WAY TO GET A HUSBAND.

BY LUC.

ACT FIRST.

"This will never do—never! One year a widow, two children to support, and only about two hundred dollars left. I can't work, and Flora and Alfred must be educated. Let me see," said the little widow, leaning back in her chair, beating a tattoo on the floor with her pretty foot. "If I was only acquainted with the people here I'd take my chance of getting a rich husband with any young girl. I'm only twenty-five, and, if I can believe my friends, am pretty, and grief and widows' weeds are so becoming. If I only knew somebody! There's Mr. Stuart—he's a rich old bachelor; I think he would do very well, but the trouble is to get an introduction. Let me think."

Corra Vernon upon this fell into what is vulgarly called a "brown study." Her blue eyes were bent upon the floor, trouble rested upon her fair brow, her pretty lips pouted, her little hands worked restlessly with a ribbon of her dress. Suddenly her face lighted up—a new thought had occurred to her. She sprang from her seat, ascertained that the floor was sparkling in her eyes, and then she said:

"Kureka! Kureka! That will do! I know that will do, and I'll try it now."

She immediately proceeded to put her bright thought into execution. She brought out a tiny little writing-deck, and seated herself before it.

"Poor Charley," she sighed, "you little know for what you taught me to write combs, like a man! I'll make use of it this time, and then I'll forget the accomplishment."

Selecting a plain large sheet of paper, such as gentlemen use, with many pauses to think and many merry laughs, she wrote in large, fair hand the following epistle:

MR. JOSEPH STUART:—Dear Sir—I hope you will not feel that I take an unwarrantable liberty in addressing you this letter. I should hesitate to do so but that I know your noble name and will appreciate a distinguished friendship, without being a prey to vulgar distrust.

My business is stated in a few words. It is a desire to bring together two people whom I believe eminently calculated to make each other happy. If you know of a bewitching little widow—young, pretty and rich—whose heart was longing for an object on which to lavish its affections, wouldn't you like to make her happy, and in so doing make yourself twice blessed? Such a widow I know. Such an one you pass every day, in a lovely little brown cottage, between your home and office.

A word to the wise, etc.

Your sincere WELL-WISHER.

"There," soliloquized the little lady, with a laugh and a contented toss of the head, "I think that'll do. He certainly will never pass the only brown cottage in town without just a glance of curiosity, and once I get his attention, I think I can manage an old bachelor. Anyway, it's worth trying."

The momentous epistle was sealed, directed, and delivered into the post-office by the lady herself.

ACT SECOND.

"John, did you get any letters?"

"One, sir."

Mr. Stuart sits in his office, leaning back in an old rickety chair, hat on, feet resting on the sill of an open window, cigar in mouth, evidently enjoying himself. He takes the letter. John retires.

"It's a drop letter. Don't know the hand. It isn't Jones'; some blabber probably that I have forgotten."

He tears it open, and reads it twice through before he seems to comprehend. Then he absently folds it up, looking out of the window into the delightful regions one commonly sees at the back of offices.

"I'm a widow—young—pretty—rich—make her happy! I'm! I'm! nonsense!—some catch! I'll not give it another thought."

Nevertheless he deposits the letter carefully in his pocket, and devotes himself anew to his cigar. Visions of bewitching widows, of pleasant faces in his lonely old house, of little white hands resting in his, of soft arms around his neck, of—rises, buttons up his coat, gives a passing glance into the little cracked glass, which has not reflected his visage before for years, takes down his cane, and starts for home. He walks briskly up the street, until he hears a pretty brown cottage, when he slackens his pace, his knees tremble, and he feels queer about the heart.

"Nonsense," he mutters. "What do I care who lives here? As if I didn't know that was a house! Doubtless I shall see a pack of brats around this house."

But he saw none of these much-abused individuals. On the contrary, as he approached a little figure came out of the door. He did not look at her—he only saw that her dress was black. She passed down to the gate. She was going out. As she shut the gate the fringe of her mantilla caught on a nail. In vain the little thing tugged and pulled; the obstinate fringe would not come off.

"Oh, dear," she softly sighed, as Mr. Stuart was about to pass her; "what shall I do?"

"Shall I assist you, madam?"

Mr. Stuart was a bachelor, and could not help assisting any lady in distress, widow or maid.

"Oh, thank you! if you would be so kind," replies a soft little voice. He snatches his glove and tries to untangle the silk, but surely never was fringe so obstinate—it was some minutes before he had it off. She tries to help. Her plump, white hand just touches his, and what a thrill it gives him! At last the tangle is fairly undone, the mantilla is free, and he looks up. He sees soft fair curls, melting blue eyes, and as he looks a blush mantles her cheek.

"Oh, thank you! I do think I could ever have unfasted it myself," and she is gone.

Mr. Stuart walks slowly home in a reverie.

Those blue eyes have evidently had a bad effect on him. He never was so restless; nothing suits him; his evening paper is dull; his cigars are poor; his house looks dreary and uncomfortable. Blue eyes and fairy curls, rosy lips and little hands, dance merrily before his eyes. At eight o'clock he grows him self off to bed, and tumbles and tosses all night.

ACT THIRD.

Two months have passed away, dear reader, since the important letter was written. From stopping to say a word to her at the gate as he passed, to dropping in occasionally, Mr. Stuart has finally got to spending every evening at the cottage.

Mrs. Vernon sits alone, one cool even-

ing, early in the fall. A cozy little fire in the grate dances and flickers cheerfully, brightening up the room and her little figure. She is so absorbed by her thoughts that she evidently does not hear Mr. Stuart's steps on the gravel, nor his low knock, nor his familiar opening of the door, and closing it after him; and when he stands suddenly beside her, she looks up startled, and he sees tears in her soft eyes. She quickly dashes them away, and welcomes him in the quiet way he likes. He sinks into a chair, and says he has a headache.

"Oh! I know how bad that is; let me bathe it for you."

He will not put her to the trouble, but she insists, and finally he lays his head back, while she brings out the cologne, and with her own little hands gently rubs it on his head.

Her air is subdued this evening; she says little, but softly flutters around him; now this side, now that, she cannot reach both sides of his head from one side of him.

Now her soft hand rests gently on his forehead; now one long fair curl brushes his cheek as she leans over to reach the other side; now the soft folds of her dress fall over him; now she stands quite still, her tempting little waist within an inch of his arm, her round arm before his face, so near his lips.

He is an old bachelor, to be sure, and unused to ladies; but he is only mortal. An irresistible impulse seizes him, he stops not to consider, indeed, he cannot consider; he suddenly encircles the waist with his arm.

She does not draw away, but the blue eyes, opened wide with surprise, look into his.

"Oh! Mr. Stuart! you don't mean to insult me!" and tears, genuine tears, came into the soft eyes.

"Insult you! no indeed! I mean to marry you, you witch! And then the other strong arm passed round her, and—she does not struggle—and—passionate kisses are pressed on her lips—and—"

Well I think he was fairly caught.

ACT FOURTH.

It is the evening before the wedding. Mr. Stuart sits in his favorite seat at the cottage, the picture of happiness. Corra has robed herself in the flowing white lace, prepared for the morrow's bride; a few white rosebuds from his last bouquet adorn her hair.

This is a private rehearsal for his benefit; that he may see in advance what all the world will see to-morrow. Poor Mr. Stuart has never seen her in full dress, and the dazzling vision quite overcomes him; and when the snowy, fluttering phantom comes nearer, and the white arms encircle his neck, he is in the most amiable mood he ever will be.

So thinks the little lady. She has not taken all this pains to dress without a certain object; and now, seeing him so bewildered, she begins thus, standing by his side, leaning on the back of his chair.

"I've got a confession to make to-night. I couldn't marry you, dear Joe, without telling you that I have—been naughty!"

He looks up in surprise, tears are in her eyes, her lip quivers, her form trembles.

"Darling! what is it? Don't cry—tell me!"

He put his arm assuringly around her. "You're sure you'll forgive me, Joe, and not be—be—angry with me, for you know," putting her arm coaxingly around his neck, "you know I have no one in the world but you, and if you were angry I think I should die."

"Angry—nonsense! as if I could be angry with my little wife!"

The confession was here interrupted by carresses; finally she spoke again:

"I haven't told you yet."

"Sure enough! go on now, Corra."

"Well, some time ago, I fell in love with a certain gentleman who used to pass my house every day."

"Who?" he started up, but the soft arms held him back.

"Who could it be—but you, dear Joe?"

"Oh!—go on, dearest, don't stop!"

"Well, I couldn't get acquainted with him, so I—I—" she stopped, trembled and blushed.

"What did you do?" he whispers.

"Tell me. I will forgive because of the motive."

"I wrote—an—anonymous letter."

"To me?"

"To you, dearest Joe; will you forgive?"

How could he be angry, with the tear-dimmed eyes looking fondly into his; with the soft curls brushing his brow; with the gripped lips within a few inches of his.

He did—what you would have done, dear bachelor reader—he charmed away the tears, soothed the trembling little heart; and thought he was the happiest dog on earth.

ACT FIFTH.

The last act of our drama shall be two years after the happy day that saw our plotting widow united to her rich husband.

Scene.—A cosy tea-table in Mr. Stuart's house. Mr. Stuart sitting opposite his blooming wife, contentedly sipping his tea.

"Hm, wife," he says, "I was looking over old papers to-day, and came across that—shall I save it for a warning to little Alfred?"—drowning her a letter.

She opened it, blushed, laughed, and, jumping up, threw it into the open grate.

Mr. Stuart rose from his tea, and came and stood by her.

"Are you sorry, husband? Did I do wrong?"

"He actually—I'm ashamed to confess it, dear reader, for they had been so long married—but he actually did, then and there, embrace her."

"Sorry? Haven't I got the nicest little wife and baby in this city—or any other? Haven't you made me happy as a lord, you witch you! ever since I brought you here? Sorry indeed! Don't you dare to mention it again! It was the best thing you ever did—except becoming Mrs. Stuart."

Wit is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as the hearer. One of the first principles of it is good temper. The arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles; when they fall in that they become sarcasms.

The follies of youth become the vices of manhood and the disgrace of old age.



(Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of 35 letters—My 14, 25, 9, 33, 18 is a noted character. My 26, 30, 29, 17, 7 was a noted reformer.

My 3, 4, 27, 31, 4, 17 is a river in France. My 13, 3, 15,



It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.
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rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—At the Grave. Long Ago. Waiting for Me. August. Wings of the North Wind. Hans Des Vaches. Nora's Lover. The Hitter End. The Silver Mine. Musings. A Serenade.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.
ARCTIC.—Captain Hall's vessel, the *Polaris*, went furthest north in the Arctic Ocean, though Hayes attained a higher degree of latitude in sleighs.
VIVIAN.—We are sorry to say your piece did not come up to our standard. As to your question, we really could not tell it, it was

E. M. J.—A simple cure for warts is to dissolve a pennyworth of sal ammoniac in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution.

SMOKER.—"Is amber found in this country, and, if so, where?" Yes; it has been found in different places in this country, as for instance, Amboy, N. J.; at Sag Head, Martha's Vineyard; and at Cape Sable, in Maryland.

N. A. N.—To stuff birds properly and artistically requires one to have a knowledge of the anatomy and conformation of the subject. A mere technical knowledge of the art, unless it is combined with the other, will never make you a skillful taxidermist.

both eyes, then we should say they are caused by indigestion; but if they float before only one, we should recommend you to consult some surgeon-oculist as soon as possible.

DAISY. — Eighteen months' courtship, provided the parties are in a condition to bear the expenses of married life, is quite long enough, in our opinion. During that time the gentleman

WAGNER.—"To settle a dispute, can you give me the exact area of Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales, respectively?" Scotland, 81,234 square miles; England, 80,785; Ireland, 33,616, and Wales, 7,990. The greatest length of England is 360 miles; the greatest breadth, 300

F. H. C.—A great deal depends upon the circumstances of the case. As a general rule, it would not be considered at all proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman to visit her whom she has met for the first time at a friend's house, more especially so if she knows nothing whatever regarding him or his antecedents.

2. To take stains of marking ink out of cloth, apply a saturated solution of cyanuret of potassium with a camel's hair brush. After the ink stains disappear, the linen should be well washed in cold water.

M. E. F. — We regard book-keeping as a very suitable and honest way for any worthy young woman to earn her living. How it might answer for "a lady," we do not feel prepared to decide. "Ladies," as such, are composed of such diverse intellectual materials that what one might regard as eminently right, another might look upon as degrading.

LOUISA BENDOLPH.—We regret that it is impossible for us to comply with the request of your friend and republish a story which you say you read a good many years ago in another paper. The only way to get it is to send to the office of the said paper, but most likely it is now out of print. We will endeavor and say a few words soon on the subject you speak of.

Puzzle.—"Suppose a train moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour; on the rear platform is a cannon aimed parallel with the track, and in a direction precisely opposite to the motion of the car; let a ball be discharged with the exact speed of the train, where would it fall?" In a vertical line to the track. The two equal, opposite motions would exactly destroy

FORSAKEN ONE.—You have but one course consistent with propriety to adopt, and your own proper sense of pride ought also to suggest the same mode of behavior, namely: To discard the sickle and faithless young man from your thoughts, and avoid as much as possible the chance of meeting him. But if you should hap-

J. E. F. (An Old Subscriber).—It often happens that, notwithstanding all possible care and precaution on our part and all the facilities of Uncle Sam's mail, some numbers of the Post fail to reach some one of our subscribers. Whenever this does happen, if you will only

write and let us know, we will re-mail the missing number, so that your file may be kept intact.

MILLER.—If the hour be not late, and the gentleman not a total stranger to your family, there would be no impropriety in your inviting him in, after he has accompanied you home from an evening party. If, however, he is a

stranger, it would be better for you to simply thank him for his kindness in having seen you home. This is all that etiquette would ever require in such a case.

J. H. W. (Atlanta).—Your remarks are very sensible, and we agree with you; but we are sorry we cannot discuss the matter which has so disturbed your equanimity in the columns of this paper.

THE FEAR. Although not exactly what may be called a political question, still it so very nearly approaches to it that it would be impossible for us to consider it for a moment. Your paper will be forwarded as directed.

TRUE BLUE.—With reference to a reason given in a late number as to why the epithet "true blue" is sometimes bestowed upon Europeans.

vice as a somewhat skeptical opinion. From this, a correspondent has given us another explanation: The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy, on the other hand, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the term "True Blue Presbyterianism."

C. F. W.—You say that you wish to discontinue a correspondence which you have been carrying on for some time with a lady, but do not know how to do so properly and "without hurting her feelings." There is only one way of accomplishing this honorably, and that is to write to her the truth. Be candid, honest and truthful with her, more especially so, as you

NININE.—We can only reiterate your mother's opinion and advise that at sixteen you are too young to be thinking of any such things as "keeping company" and "having a beau." And "if each one of you" "likes" the other, it is all right.

him when someone. Just let the young gentleman know this, or if you have not the courage to do so, get your mother to do it for you. 2. No, we think it anything but "fair" for any young man to keep company with two young ladies at the same time. Of course, after your first question, we cannot for a moment suppose that this latter one has any personal reference to your own case.
